

THE PRESERVATION OF THE SACRED FIRE
OF LIBERTY, AND THE DESTINY OF THE REPUB-
LICAN MODEL OF GOVERNMENT, ARE JUSTLY
CONSIDERED AS DEEPLY, PERHAPS AS FINALLY
STAKED, ON THE EXPERIMENT ENTRUSTED
TO THE HANDS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

E. W. Humphreys

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FEBRUARY 1939

The American
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CODYSCOPES

of 1918

By
ELSIE

FRENCH-WOLCOTT,
R.N.

"CORPORAL of the guard, Post No. 14." The rookie's voice shook, and startled, I raised on my elbow and peered out the window.

A brilliant moon on the white sand made it nearly as light as day.

Something was undoubtedly moving in the shadows of the yucca plants by the roadside. The guard called again in a



voice he tried hard to control, "Advance and be recognized!" He drew his gun to his shoulder and stood motionless. I could scarcely breathe. Was I to see a German spy, I wondered?

The moonlight flooded the road and out from the dense shadows moved slowly—a little Mexican burro!

Such was my initiation on my first night at Camp Cody, Deming, New Mexico.

My husband, a top sergeant in the 136th Ambulance Company, 109th Sani-



Ex-Sergeant and Mrs. S. P. Wolcott and Gloria, as Sioux City, Iowa, knows them, and during their Camp Cody days twenty years ago

tary train, and I were married early in June, 1917, in Iowa.

When he left for Deming with his company in September I felt that the end of the world had come, for of course we expected them to be in camp but a short time before embarking for overseas. The ways of the War Department are past comprehension and as month after month dragged by they were still in camp.

I arrived in Camp Cody at 2 A. M. on November 30, 1917. Through a miscalculation my husband was not expecting me until morning. There were no hotel rooms to be had in Deming. It was a small western town of possibly 2,000 with the friends, relatives, and camp followers of 30,000 men suddenly dumped in its lap.

It was impossible to get a call through to camp at that hour so I did the only thing left to do—sat in that wretched little depot and waited until morning.

It was then I had an example of true western hospitality. Two Texas Rangers (finer gentlemen never lived) were also waiting for morning. Noticing my plight they visited with me in their delightful Texan drawl and brought me countless cups of coffee from the lunch counter.

Morning brought my husband, and we

immediately set about finding a home of some sort for me, since army regulations required his staying in camp. A hotel was out of the question on an enlisted man's salary. The soldiers' wives were living in tents, shacks, or any sort of room which could be found.

We found a frame house just outside one of the big gates into camp, close to the Y. M. C. A. swimming pool and the bath house. A guard was posted at this gate day and night, and it was thrilling for me to hear his eerie call at night, "Corporal of the guard, Post No. 14."

Ours was a four-room house, each room occupied by some soldier's wife. I wonder what has become of the lieutenant's wife who lived back of me. She was also homesick and lonely; we spent many long sunny mornings (provided there were no sand storms) sitting on the steps conversing about Iowa and the never-ending, "When will the troops be moved out?"

Our housekeeping was of the sketchiest—no one had more than the barest necessities. It was customary to say, "Come on over, but bring your chairs; we have only one," or "Come and have lunch with us; bring your dishes."

I learned many things about camp life—the proper place of an enlisted man's wife in the social scale, that I could not get into camp without a pass (even though the gate was at my doorstep), also how precious passes out of camp were for my husband. (Continued on page 50)

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

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★ THE originals of all the illustrations which accompany Thomas J. Malone's "Stepmothered to Greatness" are from the famous William Herndon collection of Lincolniana, and are here reproduced by special arrangement with G. A. Baker & Co. of 3 West 46th Street, New York City, present custodians of the collection. Herndon was Lincoln's law partner, biographer, and lifelong friend. Following Lincoln's death he went to great pains in assembling a vast mass of Lincoln material which formed the basis of his study of the martyr President. Edwin Earle has drawn the sketch of the second Mrs. Thomas Lincoln from the original photograph in the Herndon collection, which is the only one known to exist.

THE cover design this month which serves as the background for the sentiment from George Washington is Washington's coat of arms, which he also used as his bookplate. The Latin motto may be translated: "The result justifies the deed."

THIS is almost a to-the-ladies number, with Mr. Malone's account of Sarah Bush Lincoln, John J. Noll's sketch of the new National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, and Elsie French-Wolcott's recollections of life at Camp Cody in days long past.

AND still they come! The prize contest entries (\$1500 Prize Contest for Legionnaires Only) have streamed into our New York office pretty consistently in the past several weeks, and as this is

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IMPORTANT

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 49. In notifying the Indianapolis address be sure to include the old address as well as the new and don't forget the number of your Post and name of Department.

written on the third day of 1939, with thirteen more days left for manuscripts to qualify, we can't hazard a guess as to the total that will be reached. We do know that it will be impossible to report on the results of the contest short of the April issue, but if you will bear with us and continue to remember that one of the rules is that "It will be impossible for the staff to enter into correspondence regarding manuscripts entered in the contest" you'll have the news at that time.

IT'S quite a long time since Frank Mathews was represented in these pages with one of his exchange-of-correspondence pieces, so that it is all the more a pleasure to re-introduce him with an example of a form of humor at which he is singularly adept as well as singularly accurate.

ON THIS page in the December issue we talked about Past National Commanders of the Legion and in an informal way catalogued their present callings. It transpired that eleven of them slipped very easily into the classification of lawyer, and some of these eleven had other interests aside from that of law and a continued devotion to the affairs of the Legion. Harry W. Colmery's Kansas buddies remind us that in addition to his law practice, the National Commander of the year 1936-1937 has been since August first of last year President of the Pioneer National Life Insurance Company of Topeka, Kansas. There were four other Past National Commanders in insurance.

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STEPMOTHERED *to* GREATNESS

By

THOMAS
J. MALONE

SUCCESSOR to Nancy Hanks Lincoln as Thomas Lincoln's wife, Sarah Bush belonged to that class which commonly gets less deserved esteem and more undeserved reproach than even mothers-in-law. She was the stepmother of Abraham Lincoln. Through their ten years and more under the same roof she gave him what he needed most—loving care, kind words and gentle treatment, appreciation and encouragement, always. And from the start she urged him to study. According to William H. Herndon, former law partner of Lincoln and his intimate biographer, she was the “good angel” who made the boy, who laid in him the foundation of the man he came to be.

In a frontier Indiana not greatly concerned with learning and the contents of books, with a husband who thought education rather a handicap to a man, in the midst of countless daily household tasks in a large family, she found time to foster in her stepson the desire to know things. More than anyone else she is the answer to the enigma of his rise above the common run. She goes far toward explaining how a neglected, unschooled boy in the backwoods put foot on the road that led to his becoming the outstanding figure of his age—in John Hay's opinion, “republicanism incarnate . . . with all his foibles . . . the greatest character since Christ.”

Here was no slight achievement for a stepmother.

Only a little more than a year did Thomas Lincoln endure widowerhood after the death of his first wife in their Indiana home. Then, leaving his two young children, he set out on horseback to return to Kentucky and get him another wife. Before his marriage to Nancy Hanks of Elizabethtown, Kentucky, he had courted there a girl named Sally Bush, tall, fair, handsome, sprightly daughter of Christopher Bush, a sub-

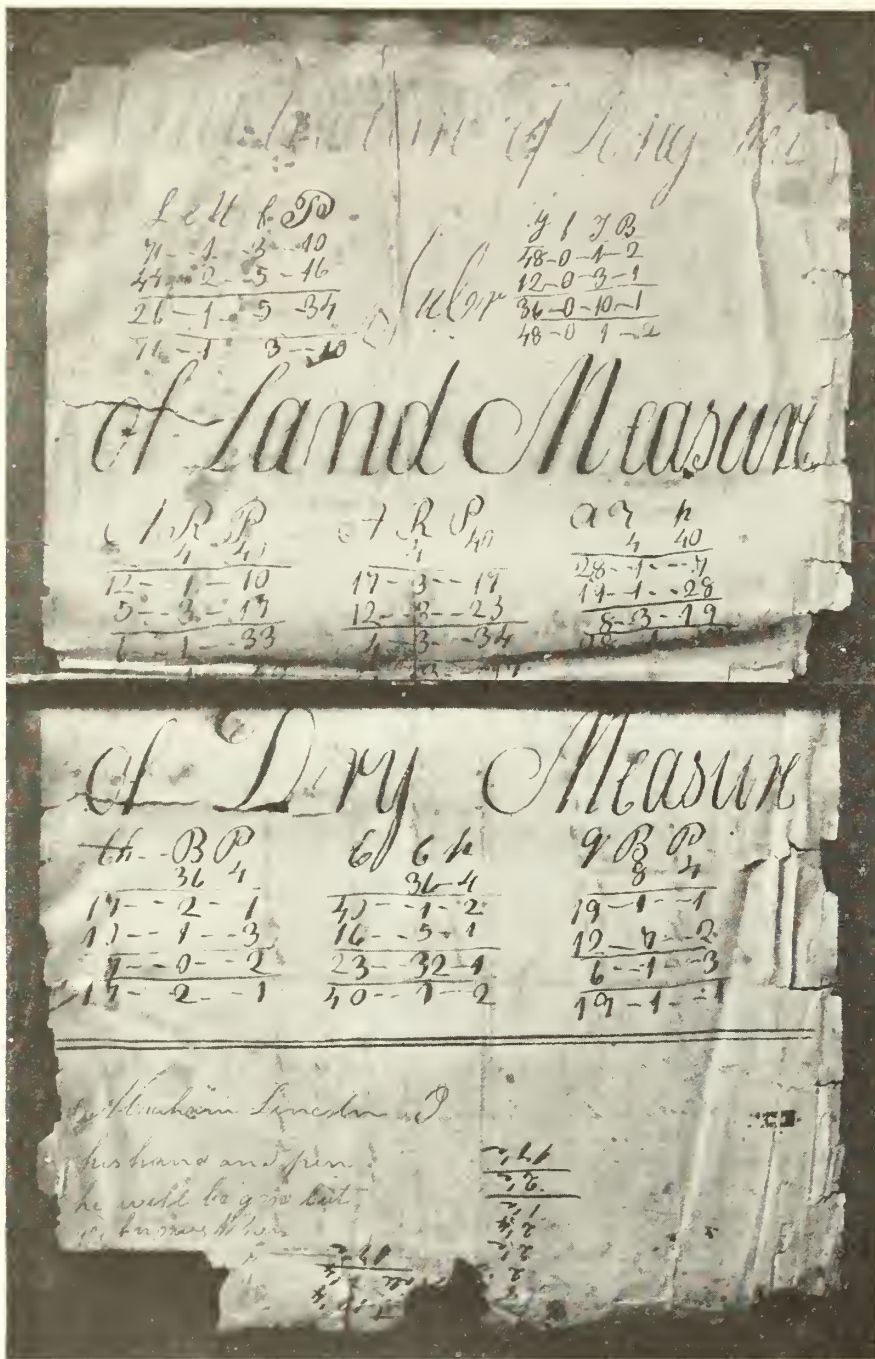


Sarah Bush Lincoln, who “raised” Abraham Lincoln. Herself unable to read or write, she encouraged him to get an education, and his career is her monument

stantial farmer. She had refused him, however, and married Daniel Johnston, the jailor of Hardin County. Johnston was now dead, and there were three little Johnstons for the widow to look after. Thomas Lincoln would ask her again.

He arrived in Elizabethtown on the first of December. The year was 1819. He

put up his horse and doubtless tidied himself a little before setting forth on his mission. When nearing the Widow Johnston's place, “a round-log cabin” just outside the town limits, he saw her washing clothes in the yard. Going up, he leaned against the fence and went directly to the point.



A page from the home-made arithmetic of the future President. The childish scrawl at the bottom reads, "Abraham Lincoln, his hand and pen, he will be good, but God knows when." It is his first known signature, written at the age of nine

"Mis' Johnston," he said, as a contemporary put it in a letter years later, "I have no wife and you have no husband. I came a-purpose to marry you. I knowed you from a gal and you knowed me from a boy. I've no time to lose; and if you're willin' let it be done straight off."

Thomas, forty-three years old, wanted to hurry back home.

Sally Bush Johnston, thirty-one, four years younger than Nancy Hanks Lincoln when she died, replied:

"Tommy, I know you well and have no objection to marrying you; but I cannot do it straight off, as I have some debts that must first be paid."

Thomas Lincoln was equal to the

occasion. He asked for a list of the debts and names of creditors, then went around and paid them that very day. By so doing, he proved himself a man of resource in emergency, of decision, of cash in the pocket.

The two were married the next day and set off with the three Johnston children and the Johnston household effects, in a wagon drawn by four horses, for the Lincoln cabin near Little Pigeon Creek, Spencer County, Indiana. There Abraham, nearly eleven, and his sister Sarah, past twelve, awaited their father's return from Kentucky.

The more recent biographers of Abraham Lincoln have done no little to modify

earlier representations of his father as a shiftless, small-account, if amiable, person. It spoke well for Thomas Lincoln that Sally Bush's brothers whom she consulted before the marriage all urged her to make the match. They knew Lincoln. They liked him.

Christopher Bush had six stalwart sons and three stalwart daughters. Thomas Lincoln had served on juries with several of the sons. Also, he had been a member of a jury trying a case in which one of the sons was plaintiff, and the jury had found for the plaintiff. Lincoln had gone with one of the Bush boys on a flatboat journey to New Orleans. Once, under the elder Bush as captain, he had served, by county court appointment, as one of the patrolers of Hardin County. The job was to look out for and arrest slaves abroad without permit or under questionable circumstances. Thomas had bought from Isaac Bush, one of the sons, the farm in Hardin County on which his son Abraham had been born. The Bushes had means a-plenty of knowing him and sizing him up, both as carpenter in Elizabethtown and as farmer in the neighborhood around.

Approval by the Bushes was a distinction. They were a superior family in those parts. "Life among the Hankses, the Lincolns and the Enlows," wrote one who had known them all, "was a long ways below life among the Bushes."

More significant than any approval of Thomas Lincoln by others was the fact of Sally Bush Johnston's having no objection to marrying him, and doing so. Hadn't she known him from a boy? She still thought of him as "Tommy." Too, there is that revealing comment in after years by Dennis Hanks, cousin of Nancy Hanks Lincoln. Dennis was a member of the Thomas Lincoln household at the time of Sarah Bush Lincoln's coming to it and for years later.

"Tom," he said, "had a kind o' way with women."

The wagon, Indiana bound, was one borrowed from a brother-in-law of Thomas's. So were at least three of the horses drawing it, the fourth being, according to some, the saddle horse which had borne the determined suitor to Kentucky.

Thomas Lincoln's children must have looked on speechless when that wagon unloaded. There was furniture—a fine walnut bureau, a table, a set of chairs, a clothes-press, two spinning wheels, a reel and a loom. There were pillows, a feather mattress, pots and pans, knives and forks, even spoons. A few books, too. Books were scarce in frontier homes, scarcer in the semi-wilderness. Also from the wagon, it is said, came the Johnston cat, which was to be cause of joy to youngsters who had had no domestic pet.

The Lincoln children had been to school a little. They had gone to two different teachers for a few weeks in Kentucky and, possibly, for a like time at Little Pigeon Creek in the year after

their mother's death. Abraham could pick out words, maybe read to some extent. The books opened a new world to him. They were Aesop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, The Pilgrim's Progress, and Sinbad the Sailor. Though Sally Bush could neither read nor write, she knew books were valuable and had clung to them.

When the new mother saw the two Lincoln children they were dirty, unkempt, ill clad. She scrubbed them, dressed them in clean clothes from her own store. More than that, she smiled at them, spoke cheerily to them, hugged them to her—a pleasant-faced woman, alert, energetic, full of talk. They knew at once she was kind-hearted and they were to learn that she was industrious and took pride in cleanliness, in making a home for her family, in living up to her part of a bargain.

Whatever Mrs. Lincoln may have thought of her two step-children, at first sight, she viewed the Lincoln abode without enthusiasm. Of unhewn logs, it was about eighteen by twenty feet, one room with a loft. It had no floor, no windows, no door. Its chairs were three-legged stools. The loft was reached by wooden pegs driven between logs. Abraham and Dennis slept there, on the floor. That first night, and thereafter, young John D. Johnston kept them company.

The new head of the house took Tom Lincoln in hand and set him to work. He put a floor in the cabin, not puncheons merely, but of smooth boards, worked out by whipsaw and plane. He made and hung a door, cut out windows, covering them with greased paper. Buying lime, he mixed whitewash and applied it where needed. Out of the place grew a new

home, one clean, ordered, livable according to the standards of that day and neighborhood.

More than that, this manager of husband and children knit the eight persons in the household into one family, the Lincoln children and her own—Elizabeth, 13, Matilda, 9, and John, 5—making up

years. Still there was peace and good will in the household. No wonder that Dennis Hanks, speaking of it afterward, said, "Aunt Sarah certainly had faculty."

Sarah Lincoln set a high mark for stepmothers. The Lincoln home, instead of being divided by rivalries, jealousies, favoritisms, neglect, wrangling, envy,



The house near Farmington, in which Thomas Lincoln died, in 1851. Sarah Bush Lincoln died in 1869, four years after her illustrious stepson

to one another and getting along in harmony as if all of the same parents. The two sons of Levi and Nancy Hanks Hall, the latter a relative of the first Mrs. Thomas Lincoln, lived with them a good deal of the time. In 1823, John Hanks joined the circle and remained for four

abuses, was a place of happy accord, of fairness, kindness, because of a directing spirit that accepted responsibility and met it bravely.

She did the housework, with the help of the girls. The Lincolns had no well on the place—Thomas had tried in vain to find water. Abraham would walk to the spring a mile away for drinking water, with the Johnstons' cat following him. He was the cat's friend.

The children went to school. Mrs. Lincoln saw to it as best she could. A year or two after her coming, Abraham attended a school taught by Azel W. Dorsey. It was about four miles off. He made progress in writing, spelling, and reading, and began to see into "ciphering." It is not known whether, before this, he had read through the books his new mother had brought from Kentucky. In his seventeenth year he went for a short time to a school taught by William Sweeney. That ended his schooling, an aggregate, all told, of less than a full year.

In school work and home reading his stepmother encouraged him constantly. She induced her husband to permit the boy to read and study at home. In her statement to Herndon after her stepson's death, she recalled how Abraham was constantly figuring and writing at home. As paper was scarce, the surface of a board or shovel would serve, to be shaved clean with drawing knife or plane when covered. He read every book he could get. Passages that pleased him he would write down in a sort of (Continued on page 37)



Town hall in Charleston, Illinois, in which President-elect Lincoln addressed the citizens on his last visit to his stepmother, in February, 1861

FACING *the* MUSIC

By

CLIFFORD
W. KENNEDY

PIKE CORBIN was up a pole twisting a lag screw home the first time he saw his wife's brother.

He signaled to Dixie Dyson, who stood on his spurs a notch or two below, and nodded toward a clump of bushes some thirty feet over. "A man's more'n average wore out," he observed, "to sleep on nubs and roots the way he is."

Dixie turned in his safety belt. "Tie me up!" he whistled. "Why, it's only a kid! What'd make him rest here eighteen miles from nowhere? Hangover?"

"No booze." Pike spoke with finality. "You can tell from his face he's not the kind. I'd sooner think he's been thrashing around in the brush all night after getting lost."

The youth, till then curled like a ball between two clumps of alders, stirred in his sleep and flung an arm back as if warding off a blow, and then mumbled in the strained but muffled tone of a nightmare: "I didn't, I tell you, I didn't mean to! It was an accident."

Dyson started excitedly. "Listen to him! He's been in a fight or something—"

But Pike shushed him. "Button it! He's waking up."

The boy roused suddenly, his head moving from side to side mechanically like a ventriloquist's dummy, his eyes straining to find the direction of the voices. Then he looked up through the wires at Pike and Dyson grinning at him.

"His face dropped wide open like the back of a truck," Dyson said afterward. "I've never seen anyone look so scared unless it was O'Brien the time he fell backward in the tar kettle."

It took the lad only a second to recover and scramble madly out of the bushes toward the woods, Pike shouting at him, "Keep your shirt on, son. Nobody here's after you!"

Pike has a way of speaking

that takes hold. He's tall and lean; they may make them handsomer. But he's wholesome, genuine, the kind that old people and youngsters like. For example, he has the run of the first-aid kit, being the only one the men will go to when they're hurt; furthermore they can turn to him for private advice or a little cash and get consideration. That's the way Pike is.

So the kid hesitated a trifle, long enough to see Pike waving at him reassuringly, but even so continued his precipitate flight further into the woods. Pike in the meantime slid to ground and clanked after him, begging him to hold a minute and talk things over.

"He's done something to be real scared of," Pike averred as Dixie joined him.

And Dyson admitted: "He sure don't hanker for inspection, slinking off like that."

Pike pushed on slowly until the noise of the youngster thrashing and floundering in the brush stopped. Then he called out: "Show yourself, son; maybe we can give you a lift." And sat down to wait, somehow confident the fugitive would return.

Soon, sure enough, a white face peered guardedly around a tree further on. Pike turned his head purposely, but made certain his voice carried over into the

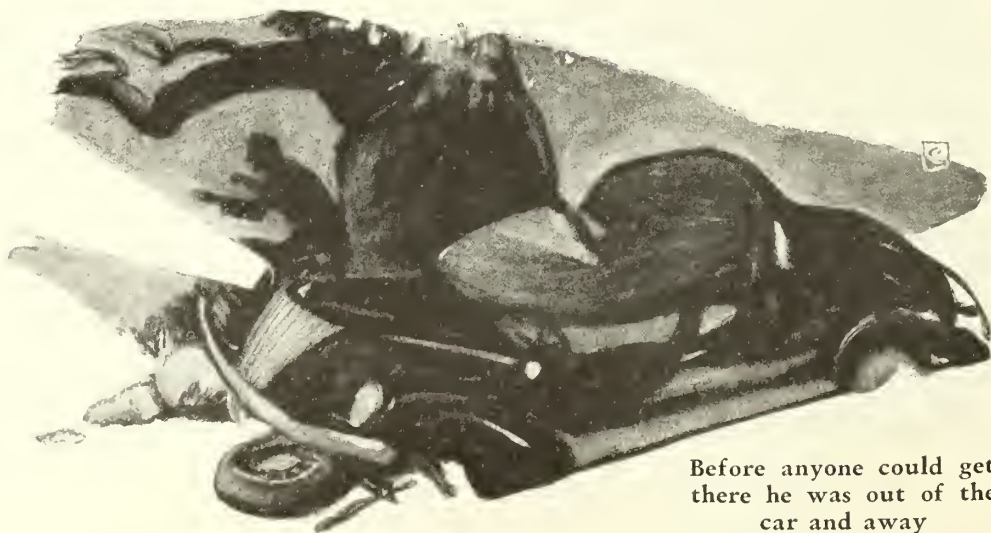
supposedly empty woods. "We might's well go back to work, Dyson. I figured sure he'd come back so's we could see he got something to eat before he hiked on."

It may have been the idea of food, or the way Pike looked to him, or perhaps he had arrived at the point where he simply must talk to somebody, but the youth returned. He hesitated once or twice and held back as if something dragged him along in spite of himself, before he edged within hailing distance.

"Well, Mister, you look sort of done up," Pike offered cheerfully. "Tell us what you need most—carfare? Or chow, maybe."


Still like a frightened animal, the young man half turned, ready to dash off. His suit was matted, wrinkled and torn, his saddle shoes caked with swamp mud. Nevertheless, like his gold wrist watch, they indicated which side of the tracks his family lived on. Likewise his manner and features advertised good breeding and a genteel, sheltered background. He was fairly tall and heavy, though compared to Pike and Dixie when they stood up beside him, he looked, as he was, a high-school boy. Hatless, his thatch was light, his eyes owl-like from fright.

Pike tried again in a kindly tone. "My partner here and I, we could see



Before anyone could get there he was out of the car and away

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine



**"I mustn't forget to
thank you," she said,
"for all you've done"**

you were off your beat. You been in an accident?"

The boy reached up involuntarily to cover a bruise and a clotted gash on his cheek bone. When he spoke, his voice quavered and broke. He stuttered, "I—I—" and then swallowed, unable for the minute to get out another word.

Finally, his eyes bulging, he admitted tremblingly: "I killed a girl!"

Dixie clutched for the lad's neck but Pike shoved him back. "Shucks," Pike said. "That's a pretty stiff claim you're hanging on yourself. When'd all this happen?"

"Last night."

"Then it wasn't around here. You unreeled quite a stretch before you came to rest."

"It—it happened back there; over on the new road to Midbury." The youngster screwed his eyes tight as if shutting off some unsightly apparition, and moaned, "O God!"

"Humph. So you was sashaying around in an automobile."

"You—how—how'd you know?"

"Didn't till you just admitted it. But where's the girl now?"

"In the Warrenton hospital. . . . I think."

That piqued Dixie Dyson. "You think!" he growled. "Don't you know? How can a guy bump off a girl and not know what became of her?"

The boy flinched as if Dixie had struck him, slumped to his knees, and then bent forward and squatted back on his heels like a Bedouin at prayer, his face tightly clasped between his hands. He stayed crouched, all folded up and tense, for a minute before he looked up beseechingly at Pike. A big tear rolled down over

the big gash in his cheek.

Pike sat down slowly beside him and rested a gentle hand on his shoulder. "First off," he suggested, "you better connect in your loose circuits before you say how the girl got killed, so's you don't forget a thing. I'm still playing the hunch there's an out for you somewhere."

"Dad said—" Instead of waiting to collect his wits, the boy rushed on incoherently, "Dad said I couldn't have the car. That was the beginning; I shouldn't have taken it. But I offered to drive him back to the mill after supper and then I sneaked off with it. I only meant to be out till nine o'clock, when he wanted to come home.

And we only drove up as far as Midbury for an ice cream. It happened—it was on the way home—I—"

The boy's voice came dry and resigned after he caught his breath. "Well, I got to showing off." He had ricocheted purposely from gutter to gutter, displaying his prowess at the wheel, snaking on into the night at top speed, and then headed deliberately for a huge tree. "I twisted away from it, of course, but—" A down coming car had flashed around the bend. "But then I couldn't—she had hold of my arm so tight—I couldn't straighten out quick enough." The crash lifted them up in air with a violent twist, and rolled them over.

Then some way he was crawling from the wreck of his overturned automobile, and he saw the other car where it had skidded to a stop several rods further on and people running back up the road.

His broken recital stopped. Overstrained nerves prevailed, and a freshet of tears poured down his face in spite of upper teeth locked on lower lip and clenched fists hysterically pounding his

knees. Pike pressed harder on his shoulder and said, "Don't leave us right there tipped over in the gutter. You're here and alive, 'most ten miles from the accident. But the girl—"

"Yeah, we want to know about her," Dixie broke in sharply. He stood menacingly over the quaking boy, his feet braced apart and his arms folded.

Pike motioned deprecatingly with his free hand. "Sit down, Dyson; take the weight off your feet and mind."

"I guess I went crazy." The lad's now lifeless monotone was continuing. "I jumped across the ditch and hid behind some road-oil barrels that happened to be there. Pretty soon I heard a man say she was dead, but they decided to take her to the hospital. And then a lot of cars were collecting there and I crawled on my hands and knees into the woods and ran for all I was worth."

"You should have stayed with it," Pike admonished gently.

"I know! Oh, I know it!" the youth wailed. "But I just couldn't. And now I don't dare go back." He clutched Pike's arm with both hands; then whimpered miserably, "What can I possibly do, mister?"

"Except for beating it away, you haven't done anything they can make you out a crook for," Pike temporized gravely. "Only I—shucks! I dunno. Looks like you'd ought to face the music."

There was no answer. Such terror rooted his tongue and grooved his white cheeks either side of twitching lips that Pike began to be alarmed. It was not unreasonable to believe, he knew from experience, that the boy could emerge from it, not necessarily imbecile, but completely worthless and beaten, his initiative and grit forever destroyed by the horror of that one unguarded moment of foolishness. Again, a boy could turn bitter and furtive, especially were he persecuted, and end up a hobo, if not a potential criminal. Besides, there was something substantial, something attractive about him that clamped hard on to Pike's feelings, that made him resolve to find some way of shaking him together.

"Dyson"—Pike spoke decisively—"first we get some coffee under his belt. Then we'll figure how to unravel this mess."

With that they lifted him to his feet and all but carried him out of the woods and three miles down the road to the country inn temporarily housing the line crew of which Pike and Dixie were



one team. Pike tried valiantly, as the trio trudged along, to divert the lad's mind with a running description of the Eastern States Power Company which served the local area, of O'Brien the foreman, and of the reason for the groups of linemen clinging to the bare poles they passed or tussling with long drooping lengths of black cable. "There's a big factory up here in Eastham used to generate on its own water power, but a while ago they suddenly decided to buy juice of us.

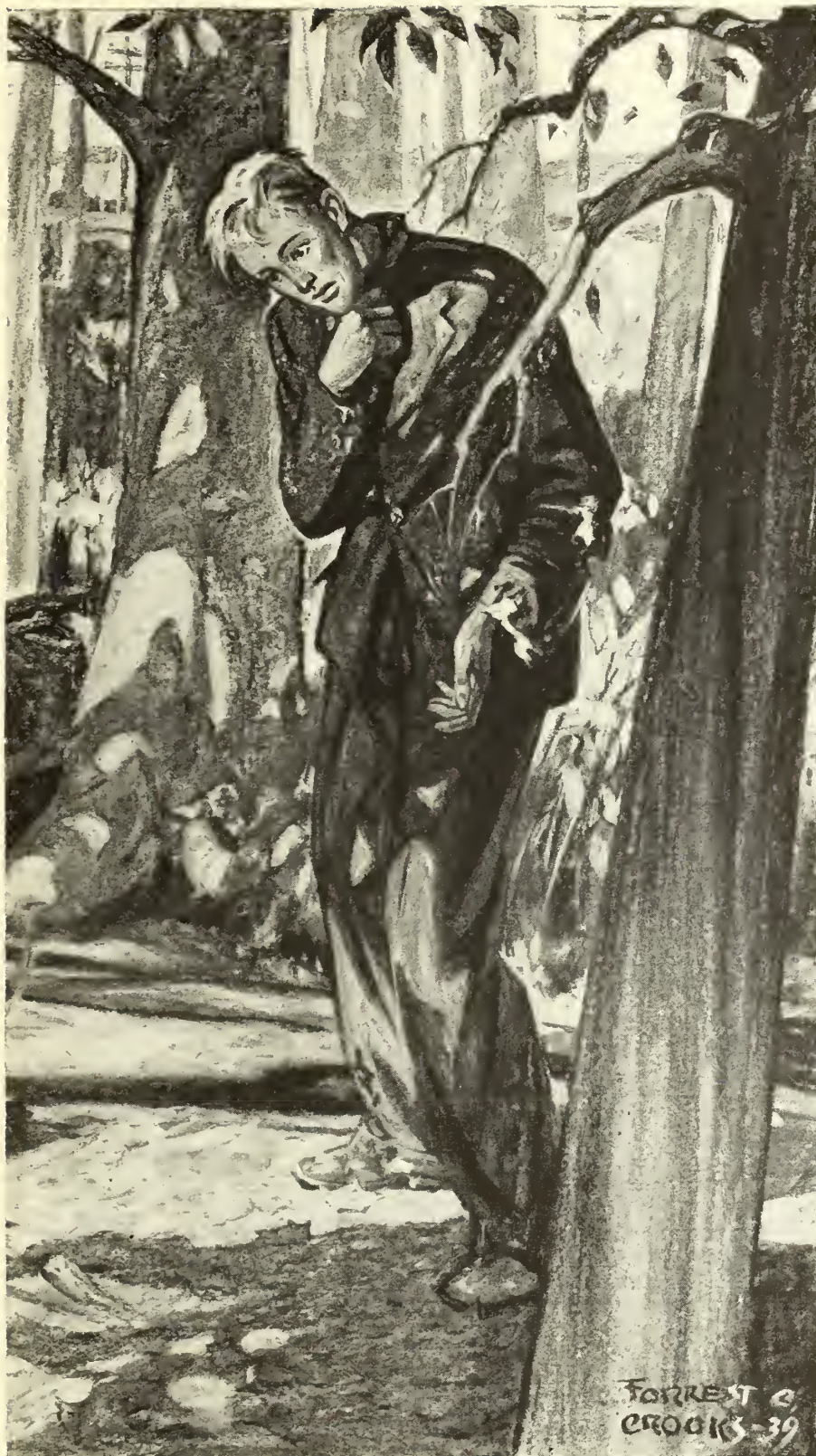
"So we got orders to put through a three-leg power line. Which'll cost that shop a fortune. Wendle's Mill, I think it is."

The youngster stopped with a jolt and looked at Pike in amazement. "That's where my dad's chief engineer," he imparted breathlessly.

"Well, can you connect to that! What's his name?"

"Tredder. Thomas Tredder."

Pike took his arm. "You know what, son? You give me an idea. Stick by us a day or so and see if maybe we can't



"I killed a girl!" he admitted, tremblingly

clear out a right of way for you to get home on."

"You would? Honestly?"

But then despair drove the momentary eagerness from his face. He seemed suddenly drained again, crumpled, like a partly emptied sack. "I can't go home again, ever. Not to face them! I couldn't make myself. I'd rather be shot first or . . ."

"Take it easy, son," Pike replied gently. "You leave it to Dyson here, and me. And O'Brien." Then he added after a few thoughtful steps, "Only we can't do it all. You've got to buck up, stiffen your chin; you know, get a hitch on your own self."

At the hotel, after young Tredder had eaten a little breakfast, Pike ordered his suit discarded in favor of a blue shirt and overalls, completing the disguise with black shoes and a peaked cap. "Remember if anybody asks you," he admon-

ished, "you're on the Eastern States' payroll as a mechanic's helper."

Then Pike talked long and earnestly with O'Brien of his plan for salvaging the boy. At first reluctant, O'Brien did a lot of grumbling. "As if we ain't got enough everyday trouble," he complained tartly, "you want us to play nurse maid to some young pup that's let himself get in trouble."

"It's not altogether just dragging him out of the mess he's in now," Pike argued insistently. "I'm telling you one more twist'll snap that kid in two. He's ripe now to go to the dogs and be a bum all the rest of his life. Except he walks right back to what he done before he loses all his nerve. You know how it is."

O'Brien agreed to think about it. He did, to use his own words, "take a shine to the kid," when he met him at dinner, and wrote his name, Allyn Tredder, in the payroll book. The gang parceled out a mild initiation, finally dubbing him "Tred." Allyn struggled to be game and smiled pathetically at each good-natured thrust, but he still looked mighty peaked when he pushed away from the table.

By mid-afternoon Pike and Dyson completed work on the new line as far back as a certain crossover. Pike had shinned up and Dixie, on ground, was laying out hardware for Tred to send up on the rope. O'Brien and the rest were down the road. A sedan bearing the State insignia shot around the bend above and hauled up in a dusty stop, allowing Pike hardly time to yell at Dyson: "Keep that kid's back turned and bending over!" and slide down to intercept the State Police officer striding toward them.

"You birds seen a light-haired, well dressed chap who looked like he might be running away?" the patrolman inquired. "They say he came this way."

"Sure. If you mean a young lad, we saw him." Pike pointed north. "Early this morning we were working at that bend you just came by when he ran out of a bush and over into the woods."

"Which way?"

Pike pointed again, still broadly north. "He kept running on the same way. We yelled but he hustled out of sight."

The officer thanked him, and after a close look at Dyson and the blue backside of Tred, drove down the road to interview O'Brien. After a few minutes he whizzed by north again and out of sight. Later O'Brien said: "I swore nobody'd done any running by me. Which is no more of a lie than you told him, Pike."

Tred, pale and distraught, straightened up and fixed a look of dog-like affection and gratitude on Pike. Then he sat down suddenly, weak, shaking, again thoroughly unstrung. Pike motioned to Dyson to come away. "It's something the kid's got to fight out by himself," he said. "He'll get where he can shoulder it—give him time."

"You'd ought to have turned him in," Dixie grumbled. (Continued on page 40)

ON WISCONSIN, *By* and *How!*

FREDERICK
C. PAINTON

THERE are a couple of comics, Olsen and Johnson, who bring roars of laughter when one asks, "What would you charge to haunt a house?" and the other replies, "How many rooms?"

I was reminded of this gag the other day when I hopped a train for Milwaukee, because I was thinking about the ghost that haunts practically all of The American Legion Departments six months or more of the year. This ghost is the annual back-breaking job of renewing membership; of starting from scratch each autumn, and signing up all the previous year's members and a good healthy percentage of new ones besides. It's always been a big job that took a lot of time that should have been devoted to different service. And for years a lot of bright minds have been trying to discover a method of cutting down or eliminating this renewal treadmill. No one, so far as I know, has succeeded.

But last fall at Los Angeles Wisconsin won six (count 'em) membership cups, practically all there are. Wisconsin won them not only for early big renewal percentages, but also for being first throughout the year. So offhand, it looked as if Wisconsin had discovered a lot of answers to membership headaches. Hence, your correspondent's trip to Milwaukee to ask, "How come?"

I found Hank Regner, Department Commander, surrounded by more cups than a tennis player. Take a gander at them: The Hanford MacNider Trophy for attaining the highest percentage of membership over the Department's preceding year's membership. The Henry D. Lindsley Trophy, for attaining the highest percentage of membership over the preceding year's membership by March 1. The John C. Emery Trophy, for the highest percentage of membership on January 31st, as compared with the average membership for the preceding four years. The Henri Gouraud Trophy, for first exceeding its membership quota as assigned by National Headquarters. The Alvin M.



Jim Burns—to Wisconsin Legionnaires the middle name has been and is Service

Owsley Trophy, for having the highest percentage of membership on December 31st as compared with the average membership for the immediately preceding ten years. The Henry L. Stevens, Jr., Trophy, for attaining the highest percentage of its membership quota at the time of the Annual National Roll Call.

Even if you skipped that paragraph you've got to admit that any Department with that many cups can speak with authority. And since Hank Regner was membership committee chairman last year, and is Commander this year, he's entitled to sound off. So is Big Gil Stordock, the impressive Department Adjutant.

With no hesitation whatsoever Hank Regner said, "We've got this membership problem licked and you stick around and I'll prove it."

Hank is a broad-shouldered, stocky ex-gob who has a very soft voice, but packs a very big club. He proceeded to explain that for years Wisconsin has concentrated on two things—membership and service.

"They're tied one to the other," he declared. "You give service and you'll get membership. And if you organize the

membership problem, and establish the habit of early renewals you get membership out of the way by December 31st, and can turn to something else. Now, this year, we are starting a Boy's State—"

"Wait a minute," I cut in, "the subject's membership and service."

In response to my further question of how you establish habits of early renewals Hank replied that the annual Department aerial round-up, begun in 1929, did the trick nicely. Now, briefly, the aerial round-up is this: Through Gil Stordock's office the Posts are told that they are to have the local mayor name November 4th to 11th as American Legion Week. Membership committees get busy, lining up prospects and renewals. Then during American Legion Week the member hounds really go to town. On Armistice Day ten planes hurtle around the State, stopping at predesignated points to gather up the accumulation of cards. The planes set down in Milwaukee, where Gil Stordock and his staff work day and night to telegraph the final total to National Headquarters.

Now, there is nothing new in the aerial round-up idea; there has been a national aerial round-up, and other Departments have successfully used the same method.

"Ah," said Hank, "but do they do it every year at the same time? No, they don't."

Once again he insisted on the necessity of regularity, and had his proof, too. "For instance," he explained, "in 1937 the aerial round-up brought in a total of 27,983 cards. In 1938 we had 27,982 cards—a difference of only one card."

Then I asked how this broke the back of the membership problem, and he said, "Our membership as of December 31, 1937, totaled 32,480, so you see we had seven-eighths of our total in and accounted for on Armistice Day. That leaves the rest of the year for increase and attention to other Department objectives."

Well, it certainly seemed that he had something there because Big Gil, who had been impatiently waiting to get in his word, showed me that as of December 31, 1938, Wisconsin had 34,000 members. "And we'll hit 35,000 by convention time," he added.

Right now, it looks as if those six membership cups will roost in Milwaukee



National membership trophies go in the bag with Wisconsin's aerial round-up membership cards, delivered by Pilot Lloyd Bauer to Department Commander Hank Regner, at right, and Department Sergeant-at-Arms Val Ove

after the Chicago Convention next September, too.

Thereupon, Big Gil pointed out another Wisconsin inducement to sign up and pay early—prizes. For instance, every Legionnaire whose card was in Department headquarters on or before last November 11th got a chance to win a Chevrolet sedan, an electric washer, a set of aluminum cooking utensils, an American Legion uniform, a radio set, or some genuine leather wallets.

"We dumped the whole 28,982 cards in a drum and drew out the lucky ones," said Gil. "They're going to pay anyway; so we make it valuable to pay early."

It was a swell system all right, but off-hand I could think of lots of Departments which couldn't use aerial round-ups be-

cause of lack of private planes, and which couldn't give anything as expensive as a Chevy sedan, or an electric washer. Yet if this Wisconsin idea is going to be practical elsewhere it has to be changed so that all can use it. Thinking in this manner we had a brainstorm.

"Instead of using aerial round-up," Hank said to Gil, "why couldn't Departments use a sort of pony express?"

He explained as follows: Establish

nationally the idea of American Legion Week from November 4th to Armistice Day. Each Department through publicity and organization prepares the Posts for the drive for members ending on Armistice Day—surely the veteran's day if one ever was.

"I get you!" I cried excitedly. "Then on the morning of Armistice Day, motor cars starting from various corners of the State head toward Department Headquarters. One car will run the cards from its district commander to the next district commander and turn them over. Then a new car and driver will rush them to the next district, and so on until the last lap cars converge on headquarters and dump all the cards in a grateful Adjutant's lap. (Continued on page 46)

PUPIL'S

By
MARC
A. ROSE

THE boy was all hands and feet and a sullen, pimply scowl as his grim, discouraged father shoved him through the crowded school corridor to the desk of Paul Ellert, the principal. That's Ellert's "office," the open hallway, near the front door.

"I can't do nothing with him," said the father, anger tightening his voice. "He runs away. He bums. . . ."

Ellert interrupted. "Leave him here. I can see I can't talk to him with you around."

The man hesitated, shrugged his shoulders, walked away.

"Now, what's the matter?" Ellert asked.

"He says I've got to come to school here. I don't want to. . . ."

"In that case, don't worry; you won't have to come. As a matter of fact, I won't let you."

The boy looked incredulous and a little affronted.

"Why can't I? Ain't I good enough?"

"You can't come because you don't want to," Ellert explained. "Nobody can. That's a strict rule here. So you've got nothing to worry about. But, look—you'd better stay long enough so your father will think we've had a good talk. I've got to make a trip around the school; part of my job. Come along and look at it; you might as well, now you're here."

So stubborn young Gus Placek trailed along through the print shop, through a room where a dozen telegraph instruments clacked in amateurish rhythms, through the fragrant bake shop, through rooms where scores of typewriters raised an unholy din. He listened a few minutes to a girl making a speech, not a very good one, before an audience of sixty people of all ages. He glanced at a sewing room, a



beauty shop. He watched the linotypes, the bricklayers, the carpenters. He stood for a long time before a lathe in the machine shop. Ellert waited; said nothing.

"Well, that's all," said Ellert, back at his desk. "See anything you liked?"

Gus came out of his shell.

"Say, mister . . . them machines! Gee, they're swell! Gee, I'd like to run one of them. Could . . . how does a fellow get to do that?"

"Sure you want to learn?"

"Honest, I would," . . . but then a shadow crossed his face. "What else would I have to do? What would I have to take?"

"Nothing," said Ellert. "Nothing at all."

"But in school, you always have to take somethin' you don't like. Arithmetic, or writing, or history, or things like that . . ."

"Not here," said Ellert. And so Gus started to learn to be a machinist in the Denver Opportunity School. It wasn't long before he had to write out a slip requesting certain materials, and explaining why he needed them.

"Can't read it," said the instructor. "Doesn't seem to make sense."

That happened a number of times. Gus was stymied; he couldn't get any further, it appeared, until he could do the "paper work" that is essential in any shop. So he entered a class in English. He was stymied again when he couldn't figure out three-fourths of seven-eighths of an inch, to mark where a hole had to be drilled.

"Too bad," said the instructor, sagely. "Guess you're stuck." But Gus took up arithmetic. Did well at it, too; for the first time in his life he saw some sense in it and that made a difference.

There's an end to this story, of course. Gus is now a machinist, a darned good one, with steady work, good pay, and a home of his own.

Ten thousand men and women, boys and girls, study in Denver's Opportunity

CHOICE

Illustration
by
J.W. SCHLAIKJER



The father's voice tightened with anger: "I can't do nothing with him," he broke out. "He runs away. He bums"

School each year. The youngest on record so far was 13; the oldest, a Frenchman, a retired barber, got his high school diploma at 82 and delivered the address to the graduating class. He talked on health.

It is one of the most amazing schools in the world. It has no rules, no grades, no admission requirements, no diplomas, no graduations except in the regularly accredited high school which is just one small department. It comes nearest of any school in existence to the ideal of giving "any kind of service for any individual when he comes and asks for it." So said a group of distinguished educators who investigated it carefully.

There's an inscription on the front of the shabby old building. It isn't a fancy Latin motto. It reads simply, "For All Who Wish to Learn."

It means just what it says. There's a class for girls who are about to be married; I wasn't allowed to visit that. But I did look in on the class in gold mining. It's a perfectly practical subject; they still pan gold in Colorado. There's a class in beginners' English. "They don't like to be watched," Paul Ellert explained, so we just glanced through the door at a group of gray-beards, and grandmothers, and dark Mexican girls, and one bright and eager young man, a refugee from Vienna.

There's a high school Latin class, and a class in bricklaying. Some are learning

algebra, including a little old lady who said she had had to be practical all her life, and now she wanted to learn something useless. Some are learning to trim hats, which brings up a story with a moral.

Long experience has taught the Opportunity School to be extremely wary of volunteering vocational guidance or advice. Of course, it gives counsel to thousands who insist on seeking help, but the advice almost always is, "Do what you really want to do." That is why nobody tried to dissuade the fat old negro washwoman who wanted to learn to be a milliner. That's just as well, for now she is making an excellent living at it. She has a flair for designing bonnets that enrapture the middle-aged women of her race. Then there was the deaf-mute girl who wanted to learn beauty-shop technique. How would she ever get a job? the teachers wondered sympathetically. But she did. "Got any more (*Continued on page 52*)



THEY TOLD

"G-2'S deepest, darkest secret," General Nolan told me, "was this: 'If you want to know something about the Germans, just ask them.'"

For, if you knew the tricks of how to ask, they would answer you pretty truthfully. To the A. E. F. Intelligence Service that General Nolan headed, the 48,000 prisoners captured by American doughboys gave an astonishing amount of information. They more than anyone made it possible for John J. Pershing and his staff to plan their moves on the most accurate strategic map in the world—and the most dangerous.

That map was kept at Chaumont behind a sliding wall-panel that, save when absolutely necessary, was padlocked tight, and at night was protected by an armed guard. No other G. H. Q. took a chance on having such a map, that told at a glance with almost exact accuracy the location and condition of every Division, Allied and German.

It was a mosaic G-2 made up from many sources, such as aviation, German newspapers, spy-reports. But oftenest, from what German prisoners revealed to an unique group of men whose work is a fascinating untold story of real American "secret service"; of detective methods ingenious and sometimes weird, that made hard-boiled Prussian top sergeants

as talkative as Hitler. And, as for Junker officers—eighty percent of the officers we captured told us things we wanted to know, such as just where the 5th Guard Division lay in wait the first day of the Meuse-Argonne, and where the next resistance line was being laid out. Many an American veteran today owes his life to a blurring German prisoner.

THAT is the best of all possible defenses against captious critics of a type of gumshoe work common in war, in which all is fair. The Germans did it too, but not quite so well. The stool-pigeons they used on American prisoners were left at the cote by G-2's flock of rare birds. These included not alone German-American baker-boys from Milwaukee, but full-fledged Germans and Austrians, like "the Bishop," who had been degraded from officer's rank; the romantic pianist caught leading a trench-raid; the "wounded" aviator whose "wounds" were movable, and others. Unique among G-2 men, to hasten autocracy's downfall, they helped democracy pick its brains, using tricks, disguises, dictaphones. Sometimes they were detected, attacked, one nearly killed. But they kept on, gleaning from prisoners what added up to nearly ninety percent of the best information Col. Willey Howell, G-2 First Army, received from all sources. Com-

pared to them, the much-ballyhooed spies were just men from Mars.

A spy's warning of the German offensive of May 27, 1918 arrived a week later, when that offensive had reached Château-Thierry and might well have reached Paris, save for our Second and Third Divisions. But when those same Divisions, and the 28th, 42d and the French, were warned of the July 15th drive in time to make it the German offensive that ended German offensives, they were warned not by spies, but by prisoners in new uniforms with iron rations, fresh-caught, on the spot.

Which explains why G-2 begged the doughboys:

"Don't be rough! Bring them back alive, and all in one piece—so they can talk."

Had two ardent First Division doughboys done that when they captured the A. E. F.'s first German prisoner, he might have warned them of the trench raid his comrades were rehearsing, that five days later captured the first American prisoners—eleven of them. New outfits thought the only safe Boche was a dead Boche, and laboriously brought in multifarious corpses from which G-2 could get only a shoulder-strap number and sometimes, from the right coat-tail pocket, letters, "Soldbuch" and usually, diary.

Still, even such things had their uses,



ALL

By
THOMAS
M. JOHNSON

Intelligence officers questioning Germans captured at Château-Thierry. On opposite page, men taken by Co. M, 105th Infantry, in the Argonne drive ready to help with the wounded, before the inevitable quizzing

as witness these quotations from the Summary of Intelligence of our First Army just before the Meuse-Argonne:

"Sept. 20: The body of an officer killed during the enemy raid of Sept. 18-19 was found one kilometer west of Avocourt. He appears to belong to the First Footguard Regiment of the First Guard Division. The presence of the Division cannot, however, be accepted without further evidence. The body was found near the boundary of the 37th and 53d Reserve Divisions.

"Sept. 22: Prisoner of 157th Regiment taken 500 meters east of Avocourt states his regiment relieved the 150th Regiment, 37th Division, three nights ago. The 117th Division appears to have relieved the 37th. Same prisoner states that "a Foot Guard Regiment" is in line west of his regiment, which appears to confirm the presence of the First Guard Division.

"Sept. 25: Deserter of the Fourth Footguard Regiment came into our lines near the Aire River. He confirms the presence of the First Guard Division in this sector and states the order of battle west to east, is Second, Fourth and First Footguard Regiments. They relieved the 53d Reserve Division, September 16.

By such detective work, the jigsaw puzzle was put together; mostly out of the mouths of prisoners. The front line

asked them little more than what was their outfit, were its orders to attack, retreat or stand still; where were its pillboxes, machine guns and battery positions. Corps asked a few more questions, then sent prisoners to Army headquarters for St. Mihiel, Ligny; for the Meuse-Argonne, Souilly—for the real going-over. And they were just God's gift, if their exhaustion, hunger, shock and fright could be exploited promptly and cleverly.

IN THEY came—dull-gray, muddy, smelly, lousy. Into the pens with them, behind barbed-wire! Then, quick! 'Raus with officers who might shut them up! Separate the men by units, and . . . "Bist du Pole?" The "Ja's" were questioned at once. So were Alsace-Lorrainers, Schleswigers, all who loved not the Deutsches Reich nor the Austro-Hungarian, like the Czechs and Jugoslavs taken by the 26th Division at St. Mihiel, who said their Slav colonel had quietly told them: "Down with your rifles—up with your hands!" Then, officers' orderlies, messengers, telephonists, like the Bavarian who had overheard an order to send concrete to the frontline counter-

manded, which meant a retirement. Now the noncoms; they knew as much as company officers and would tell it. Before St. Mihiel a noncom told that the Germans were beginning to tear up their narrow-gauge tracks, which was the first evidence of withdrawal. A sergeant described the new anti-tank rifle; a sergeant-major told the location of two big ammunition dumps.

And these were the good old fire-eating Prussian drill sergeants! What loosened them up—a rubber hose? Not at all. The inquisition was painless; the seven inquisitors were chosen for their understanding not only of German but of Germans. Their chief, Major Sanford Griffith, had lived in a German garrison town. Others were college professors, even a Lutheran minister. They always spoke German, ate German food, cooked by a Berlin chef. Their assistants were apple-cheeked Milwaukee butchers and bakers from the 32d Division who could do the German manual of arms and handled prisoners in their own *lingua latrina*.

But no concentration-camp stuff. Only once an American got rough and shook a German prisoner like an old coat. The prisoner had called him a filthy name; the American was the Lutheran minister! We treated our prisoners gently; too gently, the Allies thought. But we got more out of them. There were ways.



A couple of prisoners earn their keep by harvesting hay, after going through the G-2 mill

"Surrender to us and eat," our propaganda circulars had told them, and a general order made good on the promise in this way. At Corps cages they saw a fine field kitchen, savory with bacon, white bread and other miracles. Mouths watering, the line formed. Along it came inquisitors, picking those who looked most intelligent or weakest. "Talk first," they said. "Then you eat." And eat they did—for talk they did. Then they got tobacco, blankets and if necessary, medical care.

"We didn't baby them," Major Griffith explains. "Just treated them like human beings."

During questioning they were not made to stand stiffly at attention; they could sit down.

"Would you like us to send word via Switzerland to your family that you're safe?"

Anger or fright began to melt. (Such promises were always kept, too.)

"Well, how's the beer in Munich now?" if he were a Bavarian; or perhaps, in Berlin, or *Schnickelfritz-an-der-Moel*.

A little more half-kidding, in good German, and then with a grin:

"Does Major Schmalz still stick down in that deep dugout at Romagne?"

"*Ach Gott!*" thought the prisoner. "He even knows about my battalion commander—the big bum! This *Amerikaner's* a good fellow, and pretty wise, anyway. Why not answer? He isn't even taking notes."

No, he wasn't. But behind a panel, someone was; the former secretary to a big St. Louis banker, who knew German shorthand.

There were ways—as General Nolan himself demonstrated. Eager to know the instant German reserves arrived to check

and we're the boys can stop you!"

The others grinned agreement. Which General Nolan promptly reported to General Pershing, who thereupon sent the First Division pelting to relieve the 35th.

Lieut. Maurice Stern found ways to get something out of every one of three thousand prisoners he questioned at the First Corps cage. At the Fifth Corps at the critical stage of the Meuse-Argonne a young officer, Lieut. Szlapka, was most successful. But all officers captured were handled eventually by Army headquarters, which found that at first three-quarters would refuse to answer or would give false information. Usually that was easily checked by one source or another. Then the officer would be brought back.

"Don't do that," they would warn him. "We don't force you to answer at all; but if you do answer, tell the truth, if you know what's good for you."

A Hungarian captain lied right on, with Magyar colorfulness. Noroughstuff; they just put him out in a field to meditate and watch the others eat. A German officer lied even more brazenly; so they staged a full German ceremony of degrading to "*Gewöhnlicher*" (private) him who,

our first assault in the Meuse-Argonne, on September 28th he reached the 35th Division's weary front line just as the Germans counter-attacked. Prisoners! New uniforms, faces with healthy color! The general's eyes narrowed.

"It looks pretty bad for you, doesn't it?" he challenged. "We've pushed you back six or seven miles."

"*Pfui!*" hotly retorted one of them. "We're the 52d Division! We've had a month's rest,

being treated like an officer and a gentleman, had acted like neither. At the instant the knots were to be ripped from his shoulders, he broke down and talked. None liked being put in with their men—even a blustery Württemberger major whose name should have been Münchhausen for the tales he told—the Prussian Guard, the Jäger, all the crack Divisions were rushing to counter-attack the Americans; they were being fed blutwurst and Schnapps three times a day; were digging a tunnel under Verdun, and . . . He knew we knew it was gabble—and so what?

"Stop that!" commanded Major Griffith.

. . . "And our new thousand-ton Jugger-naut-tank . . .!"

The Milwaukee German-Americans bums-rushed him into a pen-full of privates, some from his own battalion. They left him there—but not for long.

"*Hilfe! Hilfe!*" cried his frightened voice.

His men were beating him up—and glad of the chance.

Throughout the Meuse-Argonne but one German officer remained unbroken—Lieutenant Eisentraeger, typical Prussian Guardsman, who through four interrogations retained monocle and defiance. He was forwarded to the French Army's most expert interrogator, who



Captain, later Major, Sanford Griffith, under whose direction most of the 48,000 Germans captured by the A.E.F. were subjected to questioning

wrote: "Why send me this soandso? I'd ship him to Devil's Island, but what a dirty trick to play on the devil!"

But the rest yielded to the personal touch, applied in a "special interrogation." Enter the stool-pigeons, uniformed as German officers, with Iron Cross complete, but dirty as the rest of the clumping column they joined unobtrusively enroute to the cages. There they mingled with the crowd, listening, taking mental notes. One, who was short, slight, sad-eyed, was of a low-browed inconspicuous-

the last *Literary Digest* Poll. One told him: "A big Austrian gun just came to shell Verdun citadel. Verdun needn't worry, but every place else had better. That gun hasn't been re-lined in God knows when."

And as every doughboy knows who was around Verdun in October, those big shells hit everywhere but the citadel.

Every night the Alsatian tipped our artillery to ten or fifteen new German battery positions, illustrated with neat maps prepared by that genial genius,

hilde Stellung, and push on to Sedan. But somewhere in between the Germans must have another line ready. Where? Until G-2 found out, John J. Pershing could not strike his final blow. Then, late in October into the pen came a new batch of officers, among them, snuffling and sloppy, Charlie Chaplin.

"Been back behind the Kriemhilde Line," he noted silently. "Where—what's that fellow up to?"

Beneath a duckboard an officer was furtively slipping something white. Cas-



ness that absorbed information as a barfly absorbs free lunch. Sleeping on the ground with the rest, he played his part like a real trouser; just looking dumb, keeping his mouth shut and his prominent ears wide open. They called him Charlie Chaplin. His motive? Revenge on an unappreciative Gretchen in the *Heimat!*

With others, it was love not of women, but in various senses, of country. To free Alsace from Germany two Alsatians helped G-2; one handsome, polished graduate of a German officers' school, could meet captured staff officers on their own ground. So he knew almost immediately of the staff conference that had ordered the final German retreat; news soon confirmed by two captured runners who had carried the sealed orders. The other Alsatian was an artilleryman who spoke German with a rich Munich accent—priceless with Bavarian artillerymen. He would get them raving about the ammunition shortage in quantity and quality, estimating the mounting percentage of duds, the worn-out tubes that made shooting about as accurate as

Every scrap of paper is taken from prisoners before they are turned into prison pens at Menil-la-Tour during the St. Mihiel drive

"The Bishop." They called him that because his brother was a real Austrian Bishop, though he himself was a bit of a black sheep, as he cheerfully confessed. He liked to tell dirty jokes on the clergy, to talk about the good old days in Vienna and Paris, and to sample the liquors of all nations. Perhaps that was why the Austrian army had degraded him from officer to private soldier, for he knew military science and was a fine draftsman. So he joined G-2, "to save Austria from Prussianization"—which today sounds odd. He could rapidly fashion into a sketch-map clear as crystal, information from a prisoner or a captured map or document.

The Bishop and Charlie Chaplin played a neat duo that helped make our attack of November 1st a great success. That attack was to break the Germans' last hold on their main resistance line, the Kriem-

hilde Stellung, and push on to Sedan. But somewhere in between the Germans must have another line ready. Where? Until G-2 found out, John J. Pershing could not strike his final blow. Then, late in October into the pen came a new batch of officers, among them, snuffling and sloppy, Charlie Chaplin.

"Was ist das?"

Equally pure German silence. They brought the map to the Bishop. His pontifical eye detected, back of the Kriemhilde Line, in faint blue penciling another line which at one point showed a mysterious little cross with a Roman II and figure 69. What could they mean?

"Fly over," G-2 telephoned aviation. "See what you can see where these funny marks are."

"Funny marks is right," was the report. "We've flown over and can see nothing."

But meantime up from his pile of captured German documents the Bishop had brought an Army weekly with this warning:

"Troops training in rear areas must not use for targets numbered signs they find stuck in the ground. These are surveying points for locating a new retirement position."

A quick huddle (*Continued on page 38*)

PREFERRED

By

FRANK A.
MATHEWS, JR.



(Form X67453)

MR. JUSTIN X. GOBB,
Smalltown, U. S. A.

Dear Sir:

This is to advise you that you have been rated *No. 1* on the eligible list as a result of the last examination held by the Civil Service Examiners for the position of *Assistant Barnacle Scraper* and that you are the only veteran in the highest three.

Yours truly,
MARK M. LOWE
Chief Examiner.



Dear Mr. Lowe:

Thanks very much for your letter. That's swell. When do I get started on the job?

Being an unemployed disabled veteran with a wife and family to support, it is no secret I need it.

Yours truly,
JUSTIN X. GOBB.



(Form Y52781)

Dear Mr. Gobb:

In reply to your recent letter, please be advised that we have only the authority to hold the examination and make the ratings. The appointment itself must be made by the proper official of the Department under which the position comes, in this case the *Department of Commerce*.

It is suggested that you communicate with him.

Yours truly,
MARK M. LOWE
Chief Examiner.

Illustrations
by

GEORGE SHANKS



Dear Department of Commerce:

I passed No. 1 on the last examination for Asst. Barnacle Scraper. I am ready to start to work whenever you are. How soon can we get together?

Yours truly,
JUSTIN X. GOBB.



Dear Mr. Gobb:

The position of Assistant Barnacle Scraper comes under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Navigation of this Department.

It is suggested therefore that you communicate with the proper person in that Bureau.

Yours truly,
DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
By: A. B. C.



Dear Bureau of Navigation:

I passed No. 1 on the last examination for Asst. Barnacle Scraper. Being an unemployed disabled veteran I need the job as soon as possible.

Please tell me, when do I start scraping?

Yours truly,
JUSTIN X. GOBB.



Dear Mr. Gobb:

The position of Assistant Barnacle Scraper comes under the jurisdiction of the Shipping Board of this Bureau. It is suggested that you communicate with the Board for the information you desire.

Yours truly,
BUREAU OF NAVIGATION
By: D. E. F.



Dear Shipping Board:

I passed No. 1 at the last examination for Asst. Barnacle Scraper. But ever since I have been scraping paper with a pen. I am an unemployed disabled veteran with a family to support, which I would like to eliminate. I don't mean I want to

PREFERENCE

eliminate the family. I wish I could but I can't eliminate the "disabled." What I would like to eliminate is the "unemployed" as soon as I can.

When can I do same?

Yours truly,

JUSTIN X. GOBB.



Dear Mr. Gobb:

The position of Assistant Barnacle Scraper comes under the jurisdiction of the Division of Barnacle Control of this Board. It is suggested you communicate with the proper person in that Division.

Yours truly,

SHIPPING BOARD

By: G. H. I.



Dear Division of Barnacle Control:

I passed No. 1 on the last examination for Asst. Barnacle Scraper. Being a disabled veteran in need of work I can start in as soon as you need me, preferably sooner. Right away wouldn't be soon enough because I have been unable to get any work for a long time, which if I had had this job a year ago it wouldn't of been too soon.

Please excuse me for writing on both sides of this paper but I have run out of same, which the Government has now got all I had and if I got to write you again I will have to buy another box which costs a quarter. Now, a quarter is only a quarter inside a dollar but it's twenty-five cents all by itself.

Hoping you will advise me to put in my resignation as secretary to myself and come down and help Uncle Sam keep the barnacles under control.

Yours truly,

JUSTIN X. GOBB.



Dear Mr. Gobb:

The position of Assistant Barnacle Scraper comes under the jurisdiction of the Office of Barnacle Scrapping of this Division. It is suggested that you communicate with the proper person in that office.

Yours truly,

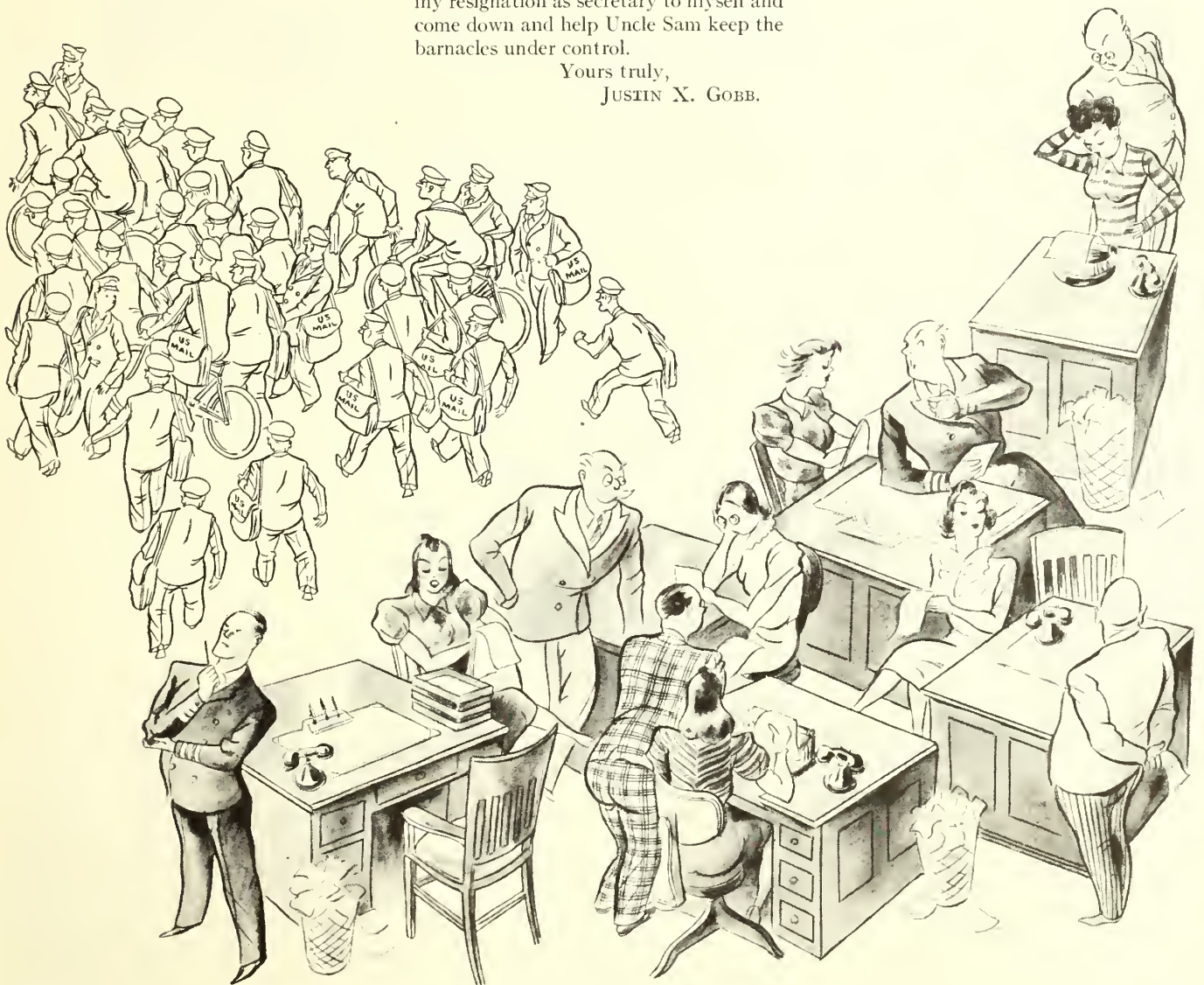
DIVISION OF BARNACLE CONTROL

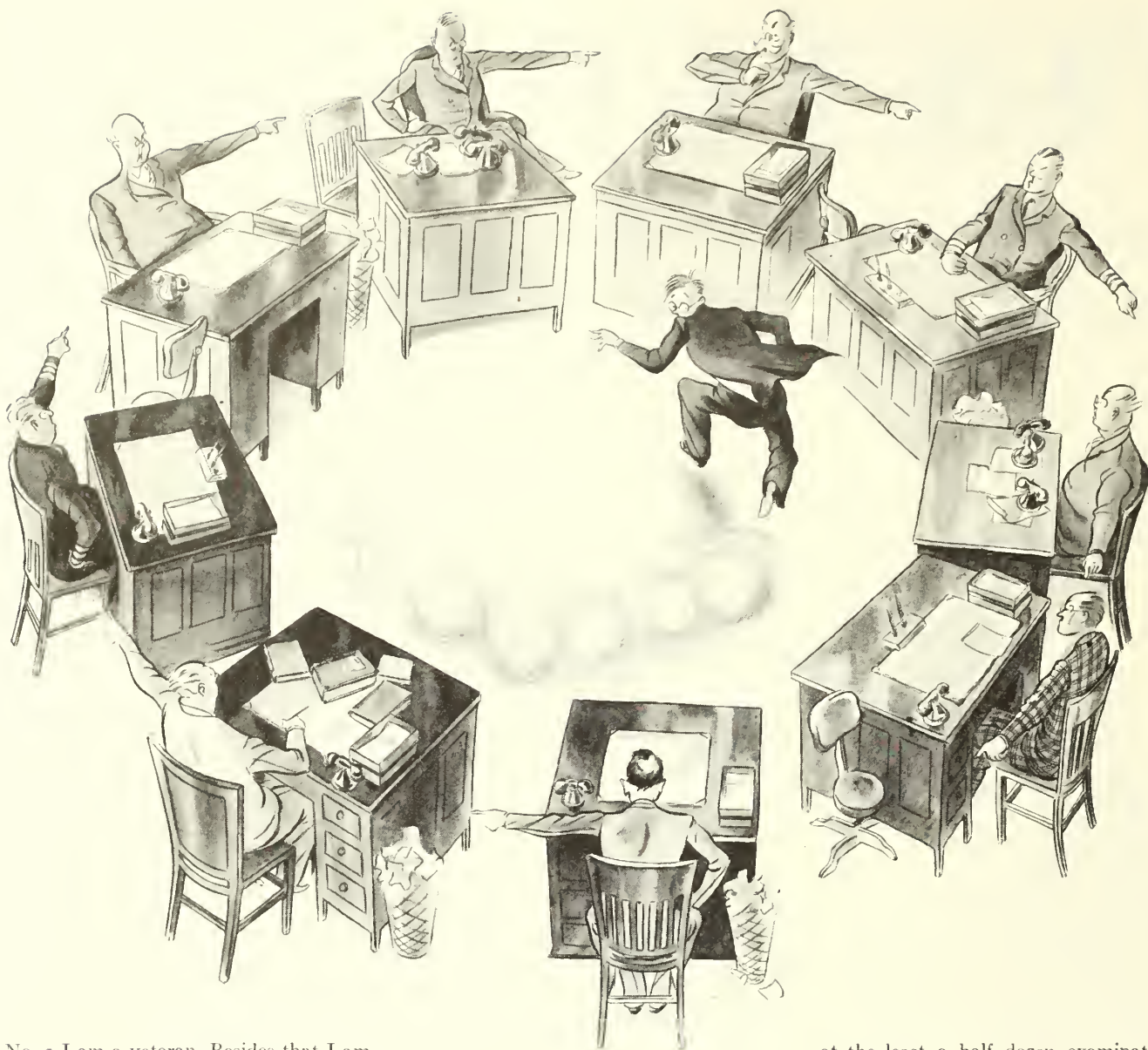
By: J. K. L.



Dear Office of Barnacle Scrapping:

I passed No. 1 on the last examination for Asst. Barnacle Scraper. I have a wife and family to support. Besides passing





No. 1 I am a veteran. Besides that I am a disabled veteran. Besides that I am an unemployed disabled veteran. And besides all that I am getting more disabled by writer's cramps. So I am itching to start assisting scraping barnacles, not that a barnacle never done me no harm and they may be all right in their place whatever it is, but being in the Navy during the war I seen plenty barnacles of all kinds but never met one yet I wouldn't serape his block off any time to support my wife and family. You may think that is a hard-boiled way of looking at it, which if it is the Navy made me that way, so the Government is responsible as I would not of been in the Navy if it wasn't for the Government getting itself into a war to make the world safe for democracy which I don't mean to say we shouldn't of done and not do it, but I mean I didn't only not start the blamed war but would have been better off if it didn't because I got disabled by it like I already told you but maybe not so much as democracy did.

Anyhow, what I want to know is, when can I go to work?

Yours truly,

JUSTIN X. GOBB.

P.S. I had to get a new box of paper, but it ain't as good as the last I had.



Dear Mr. Gobb:

We do not understand your reference to a box of paper, but for your information the position of Assistant Barnacle Scraper comes under the jurisdiction of the Chief Inspector of Barnacle Scraping of this office. It is suggested that you communicate with him.

Yours truly,

OFFICE OF BARNACLE SCRAPING

By: M. N. O.



Dear Chief Inspector of Barnacle Scraping:

I passed No. 1 at the last examination for Asst. Barnacle Scraper. No, I can't say for sure now it was the last one. It's been so long ago I guess they must of had

at the least a half dozen examinations since then.

I would write more in details but I am tired doing so to everybody else in the Government but I can tell you when I see you.

Please tell me when I can start on the job.

Yours truly,

JUSTIN X. GOBB.



In replying

refer to DCBN-2 652 743 CIBS: 422.35-c.

Dear Mr. Gobb:

This will acknowledge receipt of your letter from which the Chief Inspector understands you are interested in the position of Assistant Barnacle Scraper. Your name, with two others, was certified to the Chief Inspector quite some time ago by the Civil Service Examiners. The law permits the selection of any one of these three names, and the Chief Inspector instructs me to inform you that the position has been long ago filled by the appointment of (Continued on page 3)

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN: 1939

OF MAKING many books, runs the adage, there is no end. Of books on Washington and Lincoln, for instance, whose birthdays each recurring February Americans everywhere celebrate proudly and gratefully. Those birthdays, we of the Legion are confident, will be remembered so long as men endure on this globe and hold fast to that which is good. For across the drifting years the things for which they stood have become the things we live for, the things that if need be we are ready to die for.

Read the statement of our first President reproduced on the cover of this issue of your magazine. It is uncanny in its timeliness in these early days of 1939, but perhaps that is because there is really a timelessness about the battle which democracy is always being forced to fight against men and nations that for one reason or another do not wish to see peace on earth, or good will among men.

It was due to the patience, tact and wisdom of George Washington that the Constitution of the United States was finally, after four months of bitter debate, put in form for submission to the States—and ratified. And it was the genius of Abraham Lincoln, a son of the South who wished that section nothing but good, to preserve the Union in the form Washington and Jefferson and John Marshall and a host of other Southerners had found best for the nation as a whole.

Washington was a child of wealth, and the woman he married was probably the richest person in the Thirteen Colonies. When the time came to stand up and be counted for or against the mother country he did not hesitate to throw into the scales on the side of the Colonies his entire resources, though in doing so he apparently had everything to lose and nothing to gain. Lincoln, the poor backwoods boy who rose to the highest position in the gift of the American people, likewise proved his unwavering devotion to the principle of one nation, indivisible.

In the careers of these our greatest men are epitomized the story of democracy, which sets no store by wealth or rank, but depends for its leadership on character alone. The American Legion, as a true cross-section of the American people, has from its beginning pledged itself to the maintenance of that Constitution which is the bulwark of the democratic institutions we have come to revere in the one hundred and fifty years in which we have lived under them.

In this year of 1939 conditions in Europe and in Asia are a continuing threat to those institutions. Governments that hate democracy are in the saddle in Japan, Russia, Germany and Italy. In those countries you will find, under the varied trappings of feudal absolutism, communism, nazism and fascism that the fundamentals of government are the same. In each the state is everything, the individual a mere pawn. Majority rule, which in democracies guarantees through frequent and free elections the greatest good to the greatest number, was at a given moment used in the totalitarian nations as a rod of iron to beat down all opposition, so that the government of that moment might perpetuate itself, with all the old instruments of tyranny—a controlled press, religious intolerance, imprisonment without warrant, a denial of the right of assemblage. Such a government is efficient, but it is a stultifying efficiency abhorrent to free men.

It is a common practice in these totalitarian nations to sneer at democracy as an exploded theory of government. They see democratic nations continually fumbling the ball, parading their differences on policies, moving in a crisis with heartbreaking slowness. In contrast, totalitarian countries show no differences of opinion, because such an attempt would mean for the culprit a trip to a concentration camp, with too often the sequel of being shot "trying to escape." In those countries, too, there is no unemployment problem, for every man, woman and child is subject to conscription for any purpose, with subsistence at a starvation level. We concede the virtues of one-man government in time of war, but let it be clearly understood that with us such a decision rests with the people through their representatives in Congress, which alone has the right to declare war as well as to suspend the privileges guaranteed in the Bill of Rights. To live in peacetime under those conditions would be utterly abhorrent to Americans, and the party which tried to perpetuate them or even to continue a moment longer than necessary would thereby seal its death warrant.

We Americans glory in our right to criticize any man or measure, from the President of the United States to the dog catcher, from a matter of high federal policy to an assessment for street improvements. But when the American people deal with other nations they are as one.

FOLLOWING the precept of Washington to keep free from alliances of a permanent nature with nations overseas, we look out upon the world situation and find it distinctly not good. We should hate to see democracy go under anywhere on this earth, but we remember that our contribution toward making the world safe for democracy some twenty years ago has been largely nullified by selfishness of some of our late associates.

Furthermore we have a job to do at home, and home means the continents of North and South America. Under our Monroe Doctrine, enunciated a hundred and fifteen years ago, we are pledged to protect the territorial integrity of the republics in this half of the world from the designs of nations overseas. That some of those nations have been attempting to gain the substance of power to the south of us without formally taking over the functions of government is well known, as are the facts about their plans for crippling the Panama Canal.

Democracy in this hemisphere is on trial as it has not been since the early years of the nineteenth century when the South Americans in a series of revolutions shook off the rule of Spain. Thanks to the National Defense Act and its implementation, almost wholly due to The American Legion's reiterated insistence over the years since 1920, we are no longer totally unprepared to defend the western world from aggression. But our military and naval defenses are still inadequate to the tasks that may lie before them, and appropriations must be forthcoming to vitalize the programs now existing on paper, and enable us to preserve to this nation and its neighbors the only way of life commensurate with the dignity of mankind.

That's how we Americans propose to remember George Washington and Abraham Lincoln in this year of 1939. God helping us, in Woodrow Wilson's classic phrase, we can do no other.



Mrs. James Morris, National President, The American Legion Auxiliary

By
JOHN
J. NOLL



common good, graft and political corruption have been allowed to creep into our national system of public service."

In the development of her theme she set forth the premise that that condition could be combatted through the training in proper ideals of youth in their home and not merely through education, "because man must be taught to know loyalty to his State and to his God through loyalty to his own hearthstone. The first law of heaven and earth, 'Law and Order,' has not its origin outside the home but within it."

Then she continued: "Would we have youths willing to live for their country, as well as to die for her, would we have a citizenship sane, pure and strong, we must first have clean, beautiful homes, homes in which there is a little more of thinking of others than of self . . . where through the serene light of family unity is discerned the still higher duty of loyalty, through faith and toil, to community, State and Government."

Prophetic?—Those words were spoken a little more than a year before the beginning of the holocaust which swept Europe, from which eventual worldwide conflict, through our own participation four years later, were to emerge the great-

DAUGHTER *of* DAKOTA

IN RETROSPECT, an air of prophecy seems to have hung over the audience of relatives and friends and classmates assembled in Music Hall, Cincinnati, to do honor to the graduates of the Class of 1913 of that city's four high schools at joint commencement exercises. In turn, three young men, representing their respective schools, came forward during the program and delivered orations. When, however, the representative of the fourth high school stepped

forth, it was a young girl—a girl who succeeded in carrying away the oratorical honors of the evening.

The subject of her oration was "Ideal Home and Ideal Government." We hear her say, in part: "As we look back through the pages of our national history, we see standing forth in bright letters the glowing deeds of our forefathers—deeds of courageous nobility and unselfishness. As we turn the pages to the present we read not of glories but of evils in the national life of today—how through lack of patriotism and lack of loyalty to the

est of veterans' organizations and its auxiliary of women. We find in that young girl's oration these expressions: "Loyalty to his State and God;" "Law and order;" "loyalty to community, State and Government;" "thinking more of others than of self." They set forth, in little altered phraseology, four of the basic tenets of The American Legion and of The American Legion Auxiliary as stated in the Preambles to their Constitutions! Need I designate them? "For God and country;" "to maintain law and order;" "our devotion to mutual helpfulness;" "our indi-

vidual obligation to community, State and Nation."

Prophetic?—The girl who spoke them was Amelia Jeanette Nagel, valedictorian and orator of her graduating class, who in years to come, as Mrs. James Morris, would be carrying those same exalted principles of citizenship to every part of the nation as National President of The American Legion Auxiliary. It occurred to this reporter when he read the original manuscript of that oration, penned in youthful handwriting, that with but slight amendment, it might serve Mrs. Morris in her present honored office to which she was elected at the National Convention in Los Angeles last September.

Amelia Morris belongs to North Dakota—make no mistake about that. If you do, you will have not only the Auxiliaries of that north-border State, but Legionnaires and citizens-at-large as well, setting you aright. Mrs. Morris's mature life and her unparalleled career in Auxiliary work are distinctly connected with North Dakota, but Ohio rightfully and proudly claims the honor of having been her birthplace, as well as the State in which she grew to young womanhood.



FEBRUARY, 1939

Early in the nineteenth century, Amelia Morris's forebears came to Mount Washington, one of the first settlements in the Northwest Territory, from which the Ohio River metropolis of Cincinnati was to develop. The town was laid out during the year in which George Washington took office as our first President. Her maternal ancestors, the Wolfangels, were among the pioneers who migrated from New York and helped to build the community. They founded their home on an estate that still remains in the family, contributed to the development of agriculture and industry and to the cultural life of Mount Washington. Clough Church of the United Brethren in Christ still stands as a monument to them.

The Nagel family had fared even farther into the newly-opened territory, settling in Indiana, and it was in that



Judge James Morris and, left, sixteen-year-old Jeanette

State that Henry Frank Nagel was born. As a young man, Henry Nagel moved to Mount Washington, where he soon became established as a building contractor and married one of the Wolfangel girls. In the old home place on Nagel Road, Amelia and her five sisters and brothers were born and reared, and there her brother, William Nagel, still lives.

Amelia enjoyed the usual, normal, healthy activities of a young American girl. After completing the grade schools, she entered Woodward High School, and her four years there were to have a lasting influence on her life. With a natural bent for public speaking, her interests lay in that direction, and her proficiency was recognized when in an oratorical contest in which many of the 180 fellow students of her graduating class participated, she was declared winner and elected valedictorian. Thus was provided the opportunity to voice her prophetic words.

Mrs. Morris, when, as Amelia Nagel, she graduated from high school



No one applauded her selection as class orator more than the president of the Class of 1913, James Morris, a young North Dakotan who had come in quest of an education to the home of his maternal ancestors. They, too, had been among the early settlers in southwestern Ohio. Upon his eventual enrollment in Woodward High School, he met Amelia Nagel and thus began a friendship that was to prove to be more than the usual school-days romance.

Miss Nagel continued her study of elocution and dramatic art at the Cincinnati College of Music, and took special courses of the University of Cincinnati in drama, public speaking and basic law. As an added activity, she obtained a teacher's certificate from Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, and taught school for one year. She never fulfilled her ambition to practice law, but, as she happily explains it, instead of becoming a lawyer, she was destined within a few years to marry one.

Armed with the law degree he had won at the Cincinnati Law School in 1916, James Morris returned to his native State of North Dakota and began the practice of law in Bordulac. That school-mate back in Ohio had not, however, been forgotten by any means because in the following spring young Attorney Morris journeyed back to Mount Washington to claim Amelia Nagel as his bride. Fate almost intervened, as during the course of his trip our country declared war against the Central Powers on April 6, 1917. Nothing daunted, the young couple decided to carry out their plans, and on April 28th they were married and returned to Bordulac.

During the summer of 1917, James Morris transferred (Continued on page 48)



Everybody's

By

JOHN R. TUNIS

A CANADIAN was explaining recently the hold of hockey in the Dominion.

"See, it's like this. A man up in Saskatoon was building a rink and wanted a pee-wee team; you know, kids between ten and fourteen. So he sent out a call. It was midsummer. Six hundred and forty-eight youngsters showed up all ready to go."

That's skating in North America today. But skating is an ancient sport. Back in the middle ages the Spanish fleet was frozen in the waters of the Y off the Low Countries. The Dutch observing the situation sent out their musketeers on skates and killed the skateless—and therefore helpless—Spaniards. This was in 1572.

That's probably the first time the skate made history. Today the whole North American continent is skating.

That means the entire North American continent, too. There are ice rinks in Richmond, as far south as Miami, in Westwood, Los Angeles, in Fort Worth, and even in a clime as tropical as Honolulu. Last winter Sonja Henie's ice show in New York turned away 50,000 at the box office of Madison Square Garden in its five-day run, and there were in addition telephone calls for 22,000 seats,

making sporting history for the Garden, already rich in believe-it-or-nots.

The reason for the amazing growth of ice sports can be traced to four factors. The first and most important is the publicity given in the last few years to figure skating.

Up to 1930 all the general public knew about figure skating was through pictures of some person poised on one leg, with obscure references to spins, eagles, leaps and so on. That year the United States Figure Skating Association was given permission by the International Skating Union to hold the figure skating championships in this country. They approached the Madison Square Garden executives. Those worthies had never heard of folks paying cash to see skaters. However, the Garden needed a shot in the arm at that time, so they staged a show upstairs in Iceland.

Surprise! Everyone liked it! They especially liked Sonja Henie in what was really her first public appearance in the United States. The free (in a way) skating put on in the big arena drew 14,000 clients on the last night—and they paid twenty

thousand smackers to watch her. Naturally the Garden authorities were impressed.

Then followed in the next years the development of native stars—Miss Mariabel Vinson, Robin Lee, Oscar Johnson and the Shipstads. This was just what the doctor ordered. The beauty and thrill of skating helped, and the good looks of ladies concerned didn't hurt either. A year or so afterward a widely publicized interview with a top-flight lacrosse and professional hockey star, Everett MacGowan, dispelled the idea that figure skating was for sissies. He reported that five minutes of it took more out of him than any sport he'd ever tried.

The second big factor in the growth of skating has been the development of artificial ice. Formerly hockey and skating were dependent on the weather just as skiing is. Hockey games always stood a chance of cancellation, and play-offs were jammed through to get them finished on time. Obviously, ice troupes were impossible so long as there was no artificial ice to make their appearance on schedule a certainty.

Figure skating is a matter for the experts, whose number in the United States is legion, and growing all the time. On opposite page, run-of-the-ice skating, the kind you have always known

Synthetic ice-making did away with all this uncertainty. It assured the success of the ice troupes and hockey leagues, and made their audiences. Another recent development, by a woman chemist, is iceolite, a compound of some sixteen ingredients. The mixture is impervious to weather or moisture and can be pressed out with a hot iron. Currently, Iceolite costs \$2.50 a square foot, so that to freeze a small rink 100 feet by fifty would set you back about \$12,500.

Thanks to synthetic ice, the troupes began to flourish. The first great ice show was held at the Chicago Exposition in 1934 when the Black Forest Ice Village provided one of the leading attractions. This gave the boys an idea. Edward A. Mahlke of Chicago produced an ice show with Oscar Johnson and the two Ship-



Richards, an 80-year-old skating marvel, and others that you don't have to be young to have lots of fun on skates.

The third factor, and not the least important in the spread of the sport over these United States in recent years, has been the development and improvement of shoe skates. In the gallery of your remembrance are those old-fashioned skates that clamped on to your shoes, as often as not parting company with the shoe at a critical moment and carrying the heel along with it. You recall that maybe the skates stayed clamped and maybe they didn't. People who had weak ankles couldn't use them. Today weak ankles are no longer recognized in good skating society.

Just after the war skates attached to the shoes began to come into general use (they'd been used by hockey players for twenty years or more.) And the old clamp skate did a fade-out. With these new models you could leap about with no fear of one skate being left in mid-air. Recently these skates have been perfected. Generally speaking, experts say that thanks to the latest developments no one's ankles

on a SKATE



stads which ran sixteen months at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago. In 1936 the Ice Follies staged their first but not their last show in New York. The public was becoming skating-conscious. It was impressed on them by the feats of Oscar

A spectacular save in a professional hockey game. Thanks to artificial ice, they've playing hockey now in Florida, Southern California and Hawaii

are too weak for skating. Tiny kids of eight and nine are now doing jumps and turns which their elders considered daring twenty years ago. Helped by the modern rockered skate with its broad blade and crenulated toe, (Continued on page 36)



A Salute to FLORIDA "The Peninsula State"

ONE OF "AMERICA'S FINEST"

The State Capital is Tallahassee—The State Population is 1,657,000.
The Largest City is Jacksonville—Its Population is 146,000.

*Do You Know, That Spaniards brought the first palm trees to Florida?
That Cape Sable, is 350 miles farther south than Cairo, Egypt?
That St. Augustine, the oldest U. S.*

*city, has changed hands 13 times.
That, catching a different fish each day, it would take you nearly two years to catch all the different types found off Florida?*

Watch for other advertisements in this series saluting the 48 states—"America's Finest"

Only Master Blending Could Create "America's Finest"

Only craftsmanship of the highest order could achieve the rare taste and subtle bouquet of Seagram's Seven and Seagram's Five Crown Whiskies.

From many thousands of possible combinations, Seagram's expert blend-

ers sought and finally found the distinctive Crown aroma and flavor that millions have learned to love.

Pour yourself a hearty highball with richer 7 Crown—or mix a mellow Manhattan with milder 5 Crown—and you will realize that "America's Finest" is more than a phrase. It's a fact!

CROWNS TASTE BETTER—BECAUSE THEY'RE MASTER BLENDED

Seagram's Crown Whiskies

"America's Finest"



Copr. 1939, Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York
Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey, 72 1/2 % neutral spirits distilled from American grains. Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey, 60 % neutral spirits distilled from American grains.

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers

COMRADE Johnny Lee, of Omaha, Nebraska, writes about the ex-gob who was flat on his back in a hospital and in no mood for visitors, when a kindly, yet persistent, old lady asked him, "Now, just what were your duties on the submarine?"

"Oh, all I did," replied the ex-gob, "was to sneak up forward and hold her nose when we dived."

ACCORDING to Legionnaire C. K. Davidson, of Valparaiso, Indiana, there is a sign out his way which reads:

TOURIST ROOMS—
QUIET GOOD BEDS

HARRY GOLDSMITH, of Morgantown (West Virginia) Post, is telling one about a man in his outfit who wore size 14 shoes. One day he walked from camp to a nearby town over a muddy road. His first stop was at a bootblack's, where he mounted the stand and presented his enormous hobnails for a shine. The little bootblack sighed as he went bravely to work, but his supply of lubricating fluid was speedily exhausted. He stopped, straightened up and called to another bootblack: "Say, Bob, lend me a spit. I've got an army contract!"

AND there's the one about a preacher who amazed his congregation one Sunday morning with this announcement:

"You don't love me, because you don't pay my salary. You don't love one another, for there are no weddings. And God doesn't seem to want you, because nobody dies."

"Now, since I have the honor to have been appointed chaplain for the penitentiary, this will be my last Sunday among you, and I will ask the choir to stand and sing, 'Meet Me There'."

NATIONAL Vice Commander Edward J. Quinn, of Portland, Maine, says he has positive proof that Legionnaires are not showing the effects of the passing years. "At the fall meeting of the National Executive Committee," he says, "I was awakened from my slumbers by voices in the hotel hallway just outside my door, and I heard someone say, 'Good night; I'll see you later.' The daylight was coming into my room; I

looked at my watch and it was exactly seven o'clock."

SOUS Chef de Chemin de Fer William J. Sayers, of Manchester, New Hampshire, is responsible for the one about the man who asked his wife:

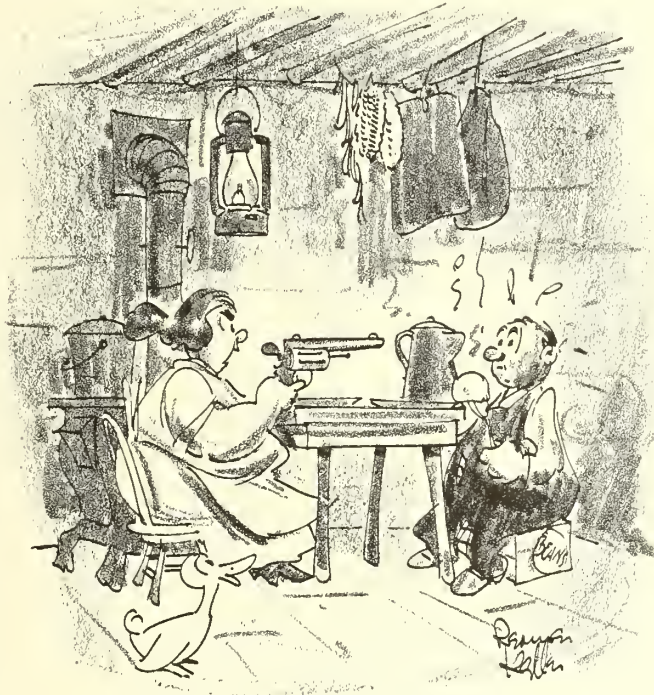
"Any instalments due to-day?"

"No, dear, I think not."

"Any payments due on the house, the radio, the furniture or the books?"

"No."

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. "I have ten dollars we don't need; what do you say we buy ourselves a shiny new car?"



"I mean it, paw—you ain't leavin' the table until you finish your carrots and peas!"

FROM Walter Morris, once of the 17th Engineers, and now of Lewisburg, Ohio, comes the one about a respondent being examined in lunacy proceedings.

"Who was our first President?" asked his lawyer.

"Washington."

"Right; and who was our second President?"

"John Adams."

"Correct."

There was a pause. "He's doing splendidly," whispered a friend of the lawyer. "Why don't you keep on?"

"I ain't sure who was the third President myself."

ADJUTANT Charlie Hare of the Hill City (South Dakota) Post sends the one about a young Swedish lumberjack who had been caught under a falling tree and was so badly injured that no hope was held for his recovery. His sweetheart was called to the hospital and informed that he could not live. At his bedside, wringing her hands and weeping, she pleaded:

"Ole, can't you say yust one sweet liddle vord bevore you go?"

Reviving momentarily from a coma, he managed to respond weakly:

"Syr-o-op."

AND there's the one about the carefully brought up little five-year-old who had returned from his first dinner away from home and was being questioned by his mother.

"And were you a good boy all the time?"

"Yes, mother."

"And did you remember to say something nice to your hostess when you said good-bye?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" he answered triumphantly. "I told her I enjoyed myself and that the dinner was not as bad as you said it would be."

DEPARTMENT Adjutant M. L. Lyckholm, of Colorado, recalls one about a man who was about to be lynched.

"I say, boys," he pleaded, "can't you give a guy a slug o' whiskey before you string him up?"

"What!" exclaimed the leader of the mob, "and have you boasting forever after that we showed you mercy!"

DEPARTMENT Adjutant Roland Cocreham, of Louisiana, tells one about a man meeting a colored fellow he hadn't seen in years, and asking him how he was getting along.

"Fine," he replied. "Exceptin' I do have my troubles with my wife."

"That's too bad; what seems to be the matter?"

"She thinks money grows on trees, I reckon. All time she keeps pesterin' me foh a pinch o' change. If it ain't a dollah it's a half or two bits she wants."

"What on earth does she do with the money?"

"I declare I don't know. I ain't never give her none yet."



Grand Army of Hollywood marching en masse in cinematic India; scene in "Gunga Din."

ANY WAR, ANY TIME

THEY fight all wars, do these soldiers of fortune, but they never leave Hollywood. Millions of their fellow Americans—to say nothing of other millions in foreign lands—get vicarious thrills from their feats of arms. They are the soldiers of the silver screen to whom a big battle is just another piece of script. They meet Kipling's twin imposters—triumph and disaster—with the same equanimity and composure, for it's all in the day's work.

Bernie M. Breakston, Publicity Director of Hollywood (California) Post, (you've heard of it) writes of a group of Legionnaires whose business is this bloodless Hollywood fighting. Any number of Legionnaires from all the rest of America saw and talked with dozens of these valiant warriors in the Hollywood sector last September, and perhaps many of them came away from the lot just a bit more movie conscious; they knew a bit more about the men whose World War battle technique they had frequently analyzed and dissected. Here is what Bernie Breakston says about the army that never draws blood (except by accident):

"To the right, form fours . . . Right! Double quick . . . March!" sounds like a familiar echo of the past. Perhaps the scene is near Amiens in France, or is it Aldershot? Or maybe they're changing the guard at Buckingham Palace in London. But no, it's happening in America and these 'Limey' commands are being given by Ivan (Red) Deputy who is in command of the Legionnaires who are victoriously marching through Khyber Pass in cinematic India.



"Some may think that the war has been over for twenty years, but so far as this group of Hollywood Legionnaires are concerned it has never stopped. They're still fighting, for fighting is their business, and they make a fairly comfortable living at it. All skilled graduates of the University of Mars, they've transferred their activities from the Flanders campus to the simulated battlefields of Hollywood. They've fought in virtually every war in history, from the Crusades down through and including various campaigns in the World War. In one picture they did a very creditable job in a battle that isn't scheduled to take place for almost a thousand years. They are the modern counterparts of the mercenaries—ancient



soldiers who, unfettered by home ties or patriotism, sold their services to the highest bidder and fought impartially any time, any place.

"But there's no question as to the patriotism of Hollywood's mercenaries—that has been decisively proven. Three hundred of them comprise the American Legion group of the Screen Actors Guild. All are veterans of the World War; some had service in Mexico with Pershing and some with Smedley Butler in the Spanish-American War. They hold membership in Hollywood Post, in Community Post, in Downtown (Los Angeles) Post, and in a dozen others in the area. The average age of these movie battlers is forty-four, and fifteen percent of these three hundred Legionnaires hold decorations for valor under fire. Twenty percent carry wounds and scars from real war experience.

"Just back from Lone Pine, at the base of Mount Whitney, where, garbed in the colorful kilts of Britain's Black Watch, they successfully squelched a native uprising in an adaptation of Rudyard Kipling's *Gunga Din*, they swapped their kilts for the blue and gray of the American Civil War to re-enact the Battle

of Gettysburg. Ahead of them lies a Mexican revolution, and other major films which will require their services.

"This has been going on for several years, since, not long after the Armistice, Hollywood sent out a cycle of war pictures. Doughboys who had been doing the real thing for keeps a short time before found themselves right at home in the trenches of 'The Big Parade,' 'What Price Glory,' and other memorable films.



When the cinema demand for trained troops continued, a call for men who acted and fought like real soldiers because they had been just that, this American Legion group was evolved. Between screen hostilities they meet weekly for practice drill, and to exchange tips on possible jobs coming up in scheduled war films. The plan has worked out so well that for eight years the group has functioned as a bureau through which the studios can get on call trained men and disciplined soldiers who have long since mastered the various drill techniques and military peculiarities of all armies. That training is not alone of modern armies, but ranges well back over most of the wars of history.

"This Hollywood Legion group served as capable gladiators in 'The Sign of the Cross.' They fought courageously in 'Crusades.' They were with the cinematic Napoleon, and Wellington too, at Waterloo in 'Conquest' and 'Firefly,' and thundered the half a league onward in 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' in the Crimea. They remembered the Alamo in 'Texas,' fought the War of 1812 for 'The Gorgeous Hussy,' marched with the Foreign Legion in 'Beau Geste' and 'Under Two Flags,' and won the Spanish-American War in 'Yellow Jack.' They have seen all sides of the World War, and have worn the uniforms of many nations. The list is almost endless, including one imaginative fantasy, 'Buck Rogers in the 21st Century,' in which they fought with weird ray guns and other lethal weapons. But the picture which, by common consent, is listed as a favorite and which the warriors enjoyed doing the most was 'Battle of Broadway,' in which they acted like real Legionnaires. Then, too, there is another high spot in 'Sons of the Legion' in which the group members wore their own Legion uniforms.

"This small movie army is as homogeneous as America itself—Italians, Germans, Russians, French, Hebrews, English, Irish, Swedes, Spanish and other assorted nationalities. Citing one of the latest productions, of the three hundred members who appear in kilts in 'Gunga Din,' only thirty are real Highlanders, who were used as bagpipers and drummers. Just to be sure that their maneuvers would be correct, smooth and soldierly, these three hundred Legionnaires met at Hollywood Post clubhouse and drilled four times weekly for two months before they went before the cameras. The commander of the group, Ivan Deputy, is a former non-com of the Sixth U. S. Cavalry. The present Commander of Hollywood Post, Willard Stewart, was a member of the group until he retired to a less exciting position in one of the studios last year.

"All in all it's a smoothly functioning organization, with a number of war pictures on the 1939 schedule. But, as a word of warning, don't all join in a rush to Hollywood with the expectation of joining up for the period of screen



Colors of 102d Engineers Post, New York City, were planted on the summit of Pikes Peak, Colorado, on return from Los Angeles Convention



The little gray brick schoolhouse at Warsaw, Illinois, where John Hay sat as a pupil, now the home of Ralph Parker Post

hostilities. The ranks are filled, and there is just so much work to spread out over the veteran members. Last year these Legionnaires averaged about two hundred and twenty-five days' work each in pictures, which, after all, is not so bad.

"For the present, at least, these veterans have sold their fighting abilities to the Hollywood producers, where the vanquished join the victors in a common fellowship after the battle. But if you're considering starting a small, well handled war, or fighting a tailor-made battle, you couldn't do better than to contact the Grand Army of Hollywood. You furnish the uniforms; they'll furnish the battle."

John Hay's Schoolhouse

RALPH PARKER POST at Warsaw, Illinois, has the distinction of having for its clubhouse and Post home the little gray brick schoolhouse in which John Hay, secretary to President Lincoln and distinguished diplomat and statesman, received his first instruction. The historic old structure, long abandoned for

school purposes, has for many years served as a community center and rallying place for civic and patriotic societies of Warsaw, first under the leadership of the Grand Army of the Republic, and later The American Legion.

Hay, whose name is associated with the

public life by service as Secretary of State in the Cabinets of Presidents McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. The centenary of his birth was observed last year.

For many years Ralph Parker Post had shared the historic brick schoolhouse with Arthur W. Marsh Post, Grand



Another hospital assistance program completed—oxygen tent presented to North Adams, Massachusetts, hospital by Frank R. Stiles Post

building, thereby bringing an indirect association with the great Lincoln, is revered as one of Warsaw's great; a youngster who, like his friend and patron, carved out his own career. A secretary to Lincoln, whose friendship he enjoyed before the election of 1860; biographer of Lincoln, journalist and poet, Ambassador to Great Britain, he topped off his long

Army of the Republic, and its Woman's Relief Corps. As time marched on the members of the elder society were called until only one member was left—Henry Roth, 93, who served as Commander and Adjutant. Late in 1938 Comrade Roth, by deed of gift, transferred all of the property of the Grand Army to Ralph Parker Post, including a cannon captured in the



**Legionnaires, ranchers,
and farmers of Het-
tinger, North Dakota,
staged a roundup of
killer coyotes**

War with Mexico in 1847, cases of records, pictures, and other relics. The Post is also charged with the responsibility of preserving the schoolhouse, as a permanent memorial. While the desks have been removed and some few alterations made, the building is kept practically as it was when Hay went to school in it.

New Oxygen Tent

AN OXYGEN tent purchased by Frank R. Stiles Post of North Adams, Massachusetts, was presented to the North Adams Hospital with appropriate ceremonies. Explaining that the Legion Post, in presenting the expensive apparatus to the hospital was following out its policy of community service, Commander Frederick A. Sinderman expressed the pleasure of the Legion members in being able to make the presentation and the hope that the apparatus would prove to be of value.

Dr. Robert J. Carpenter responded, expressing gratitude to the Post "for making something available which we haven't had in the past," and for which there had been great need. Arrangements for the purchase of the apparatus, which is considered to be of the very best, were made by Dr. James W. Bunce, a Past Commander, and members of the hospital staff.

Compact, light in weight, and easily transportable, the tent is thoroughly modern and has proved to be extremely valuable in pneumonia and similar cases. An even supply of whatever amount of

oxygen is desired is automatically provided and a meter allows a constant check on the amount being used. The oxygen, before entering the tent, is blown through an ice chamber, the humidity and temperature being accurately controlled in this manner. The hood, which goes over the patient, is large and well lighted with transparent windows.

Roundup of Killers

WILD from cold and hunger, packs of coyotes—gangsters of the wide open spaces—had caused such destruction of livestock on nightly raids in southwestern North

Somebody must'a
took more'n one
Sandwich!!? ...
There was plenty
to go 'round!!



Dakota that the farmers and ranchers called for help. Johnson-Melary Post, at Hettinger, responded by organizing an immense drive to free that section of the coyotes and other predatory animals, in which more than three hundred persons took part. The losses around Hettinger were very heavy, the coyotes were raiding the sheep pastures because of the shortage of jackrabbits.

Ranchers and farmers became alarmed. One could spare a sheep or two now and then, but when the killers began to kill for the sheer love of killing, that seemed to be carrying matters a bit

too far. Turning to Johnson-Melary Post for help, they had a quick response when Commander J. J. Solem, and R. P. Carney, Chairman of the Sports Committee, organized a big roundup, and called for volunteers to help kill or drive out all of the coyotes in the neighborhood.

Legionnaire Leo D. Harris, of Ezra Barrows Post of Killdeer, writes of the roundup: "Armed only with clubs and accompanied by several packs of greyhounds, more than three hundred Legionnaires and volunteers from nearby towns banded together for an immense drive and roundup of the 'killers of the plains.' Early one morning they surrounded an area near Hettinger that was worst affected, a strip of country about nine miles long and four miles wide, then began to drive the animals out of their lurking places. As soon as a coyote was sighted greyhounds were released from their cages drawn by automobiles for a pretty race and the inevitable kill. When the dogs were released the coyote was usually a streak in the distance, but the trained greyhounds were invariably more than a match for (Continued on page 55)



It was the belt line for Legionnaire Jimmie King and other members of Joe Carson Post, Tulsa, Oklahoma, when they fell short of their membership quota

C. *in* C.



to the C.-in-C.



From his hotel in Aix-en-Provence, France, General Pershing greeted his fellow Legionnaires at the National Convention, New York City, in September, 1937, by radio. With him is Cesar Santini, his chauffeur of war days, who still serves him each summer. At left, a caterpillar tractor helps Santini get the General's car out of the mud of France in 1918

NOT content with the confusing array of trick abbreviations that designated outfits, special units, officers and other things in the service, this department decided to coin a new one. It is "C. in C."—not to be mistaken for the one we all know that meant General Pershing: C.-in-C. or Commander-in-Chief. Read on and we think you'll agree that the new C. in C. title is warranted. It stands for Chauffeur in Chief.

It all came about this way. Remember an illustration for Then and Now in the August issue showing a four-starred automobile with a driver at the wheel and surrounded by a group of Y girls, soldiers and others? Edward M. Soboda sent the

picture along, saying he had acquired it in Paris and didn't know where it was taken or who the folks in it were. So we asked the Then and Now Gang for help—and we got results. First, we learned definitely that the picture was taken in Dijon, France, the latter part of May, 1910, when General Pershing came to review the M. T. C. units stationed there. Next, one soldier, one Y girl and the chauffeur are definitely identified, with tentative identifications of several more of the welfare workers.

W. S. Frellsen, former wagoner in Company B. Headquarters Battalion, G. H. Q., Chaumont, and now a dentist in St. Charles, Minnesota, stepped forward to report that "the chauffeur in

the photograph on page 32 of the August issue looks like a man named Santini, one of Pershing's regular drivers." And Comrade Frellsen was exactly right, because we received a letter from no one other than Cesar Santini himself, with which was enclosed a splendid collection of photographs from which we selected the two shown on this page. Introducing himself as a member of Paris (France) Post of the Legion and writing on letterhead of the American Battle Monuments Commission, European Office, here is his letter, which bore the date line of Aix-en-Provence, France, September 14, 1938:

"Referring to the Legion Magazine of August, on page 32 you show a snapshot of the car I was driving during 1918 and 1919, with myself at the wheel. Thanks to Comrade Soboda of Milwaukee, I got a big kick out of the picture.



"You may know that being one of the first volunteers, French-speaking, I was chosen to drive the car of the C-in-C. from the start to the finish of the A. E. F., and again in the States until my discharge in 1919 at Camp Meigs, Washington, D. C. Enclosed are snapshots of different cars it was my duty to drive and to get there on time.

"And those famous plates I was carrying on the windshield are still precious souvenirs—the one on the right our beloved Stars and Stripes and that on the left with four white stars on a red field,



the latter duplicated on the back of the car. And how the boys snapped out at the sight of them! Ask Lankton—you know him surely; he is in Washington, retired. You had a story about him some time ago. Orderly of General Pershing during the most active months of the war. My old buddy, Sergeant Lankton, was many a time frozen stiff on the front seat with me during those long winter night drives. Give him my regards if you locate him.

"General John J. Pershing was not what you call a swivel-chair officer; he was on the move everywhere, up to and in the trenches, me waiting with the car alongside the barbed wires, getting fireworks from old Jerry. I could tell many stories of those two years and a half of driving the Commander-in-Chief of the A. E. F. during wartime.

"Now, Comrade Editor, I will ask if through your Then and Now you could discover the guy who beat me by one in the issuance of identification cards in Paris, when we landed there in June, 1917. I held card No. 2. Who has No. 1?

"Yesterday, September 13th, I shook hands with our dear old General on his 78th birthday. His orderly, Sergeant Schaeffer, and I are doing our best to take good care of him in the roles of driver, nurse, interpreter and so on. We all three are taking the water and sun cure in this old burg of Aix-en-Provence. Last year I was also in this same Hotel des Thermes with the General and had the rare pleasure to talk with all the comrades of the Legion. I introduced the Commander-in-Chief on the microphone when he made his overseas radio address to the Legion National Convention at Madison Square Garden, New York City. One of the enclosed pictures shows the General and me at the microphone in his

room here at the Hotel des Thermes from where he made his address.

"Also in the August issue you gave us a good story, 'Mud in your Eye.' Another of the pictures enclosed shows the C-in-C's car stuck in that good old sticky French mud of sad remembrance to most of our buddies. Inspecting an aviation outfit, the General and his staff had to tramp in that mud the same as other soldiers. A caterpillar tractor got me out of my troubles there.

"I am for several years employed by the American Battle Monuments Commission, 2 Avenue Gabriel, Paris, as mechanic for the rolling stock. When General Pershing comes to France every year, I am detached to his personal service."

NOW that we have the chauffeur identified in the picture of the General's car, let us find out about some of the others. Fred J. Pratali, Legionnaire of 3827 Avenue I, Galveston, Texas, knows definitely that he is the soldier in overseas cap, whose profile is displayed distinctly opposite the rear corner of the car. (See your August issue.) Pratali reported: "The picture of General Pershing's Locomobile was taken at Dijon, France, after the A. E. F. Commander-in-Chief had reviewed our outfit, Repair Unit No. 300, Motor Transport Corps. After the review, we were dismissed and while the General was away exchanging greetings, a flock of curious individuals, including myself, gathered around his car. Enclosed is a page from my priceless album in which is the same picture as well as several others taken on that occasion. At the time the picture was taken I was nineteen years old and held the magnanimous rank of private 1st cl., notwithstanding the fact I was company clerk of H Company. I am a charter member of Argonne Post here in Galveston and am an active member having served in all the offices except that of Commander . . . I returned to the scenes of our A. E. F. activities with other Legionnaires in September, 1927, but they were not the same. Regards to all my buddies."

Then from Mrs. David E. Spindle of 1439 Ninth Avenue, San Diego, Cali-



An ex-prisoner of war sends this picture of a German military band playing in the square of Longuyon, France, which was in the enemy's hands until the Armistice



The disabled German raider Kronprinz Wilhelm put in at Hampton Roads, Virginia, in April, 1916, for repairs. That ended her service for our later enemy, as the ship and crew were interned. She was later taken over by our Navy and saw valiant service as the transport U. S. S. Von Steuben

fornia, came this information: "In the August issue I was surprised to see a snapshot I recognized. It was taken at Dijon in the spring of 1919 when General Pershing made an inspection trip to that area. Sorry I cannot identify anyone in the group except myself, but I am the 'Y' girl in the upper right background. Didn't know I was in the picture till the soldier who made the snap brought one to me at the Y. M. C. A. in Rue Sambin, Dijon, where I was working. My name was then Alma B. Conrad. It is now Alma C. Spindle, as I married a handsome sergeant of Motor Supply Train 423. I think the short 'Y' girl just in front of me is Mildred Pope Moore of Concord, Massachusetts. Some interesting and vivid memories were stirred by that snap!"

A veteran of Bakery Company 332 at Dijon, Walter E. Walker of 402 Fifth Avenue, Huntington, West Virginia, confirmed the time and place of the picture

and adds: "The two Y girls in front were, and maybe are, Miss Radford of Kentucky and Miss Arnold of New York. I

Post of the Legion in Marietta, Georgia, a veteran Air Service cadet, reported that he saw the picture taken, but cannot furnish names.

REMEMBER in the November issue the story "The Last Prisoner," in which Clarence C. Conklin told how he and his buddy, Frank Beddor, and a chaplain proceeded to drive into the enemy lines in a Ford truck within the hour before the Armistice went into effect at 11 A. M. on November 11, 1918? Well, several other veterans thought until they read that story that they had had the questionable honor of being the last prisoner. Among them was Legionnaire Elwyn W. Lippman of 416 South Avenue, Springfield, Missouri, who sent along the picture of the public square at Longuyon, France, which is reproduced. Lippman's letter went into great detail and we are able to give you only the following extracts from it:

"I just finished reading the story of 'The Last Prisoner' in the last issue of the Legion Magazine. And here I have been thinking for the past twenty years that I probably held that distinction—that is, that I was the last American soldier getting the routine questioning by the German Intelligence department, including the official checking in and final checking out.

"It happened like this: I was a member of Company B, First Battalion, 128th Infantry, 32d Division. On the morning of November 10th, we made an advance through woods and open fields, and owing to the heavy fog we got pretty well separated. After losing rather heavily, the battalion fell back a short distance to reorganize, and thinking the rest of the boys were headed in the wrong direction, I cut around to my right. After stumbling for thirty or forty minutes through heavy woods that seemed (Continued on page 57)



Alberta, bear cub mascot of the 157th Infantry, wrestles with one of her soldier pals at Camp Kearney, California, in 1918

do not recall their first names." These two identifications have not been confirmed. Can anyone help?

Mrs. L. W. E. Kimball of Flatbrookville, New Jersey, wrote to say she thought the Y girl nearest the chauffeur was her late sister, Elizabeth L. Cleveland, later Elizabeth C. Miller, who after her service with the Y. M. C. A. in France, worked for the Junior Red Cross in Albania and Rumania before returning home. Does anyone recognize Miss Cleveland? Ernest Gifford of Horace Air



Old Father Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To fetch his
Old Overholt rye.

So rich is its flavor
He won every neighbor
*With highballs that hit
a new high.*



Any man with a bottle of Old Overholt in his "cupboard" has a bottle of whiskey he'll bring out with pride—to be relished to the last golden drop by his guests and himself. For Old Overholt is one of the world's truly great whiskies—rich in the distinctive flavor of Pennsylvania straight rye, bottled in bond under U. S. Government supervision, and backed by 129 years of popularity.



So rich and full-bodied is Old Overholt that you can pour less and get fine, full-flavored drinks.

OLD OVERHOLT
U. S. BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY

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Everybody's on a Skate

(Continued from page 25)

anyone can learn to figure skate today.

A. G. Spalding report that up to 1933 mostly hockey skates, narrow tubes with no heel on the shoe and high and flat off the ice, were sold. This was called the 'all-round' skate and was bought by both boys and girls. Since the advent of figure skating this has changed. Now 75 percent of the skates sold girls are figure skates with a broader edge, closer to the ice, and rockered. The year 1937 saw a great pick-up in skate sales and 1938 confirmed the trend. Best made-to-order shoes for skates average around \$60 to \$75 a pair.

Another reason for the increased interest in skating has been the growth of ice-hockey, which of late years has occupied a large place on the sports pages and has drawn the attention of the public to this phase of athletics. The development of synthetic ice made it possible professionally in city rinks indoors. There had been hockey leagues on this continent as far back as 1899 but the present National Hockey League was organized in 1917 with four Canadian teams. The Boston Bruins, the first entry from the United States, joined in 1924, and were helped by the publicity resulting from the accession of two collegiate stars—George Owen of Harvard and Myles Lane of Dartmouth.

In 1926-27 the New York Rangers, the Detroit Cougars and the Chicago Black Hawks became members of the League, and professional hockey sold a bill of goods to sports fans of the United States.

Speed has always been an important factor in this rugged contact game, and in 1935, when blue lines across the rink were introduced, and forward passing permitted in any section (though not across any blue line) the game really went to town. The hulking defense man waiting on his own blue line to slaughter the opposing wings is now in the museum. Today the defense man goes up the ice. There is more scoring and dog fights to attract the customers. They were staying away in droves from the kitty-bar-the-door style of old fashioned hockey, but the modern streamline kind packs the house. More folks watch. More folks read about it. More folks think about skating.

In New York now there is a hockey game three nights a week all winter with an average gate of 12,000. There are forty-eight dates a season and the play-offs for the Stanley Cup each year draw

about \$600,000. Amateur games take place every Sunday afternoon and are always sellouts. Nowadays the big teams all have farms like the baseball and football pro's, while some teams such as the New York Rovers come close to playing professional hockey. There are about five hundred hockey teams, amateurs, pro's and college, playing every winter, with three minor leagues, the International



"I always let them soak for about twenty minutes—they're not so hard to do then."

American Association, the American Association and the Pacific Coast Association.

In the Metropolitan League, an amateur loop in the East, attendance has been increasing steadily in the past five years. Hershey, Pennsylvania, after a 1937 season in which every night saw standing room only, built a rink with a seating capacity of 7,140. Now they have two teams, an amateur club, and a professional one doing all right in the International American Association. The first year of the Atlantic City, New Jersey, team in the Metropolitan League, the attendance was 20,000. Last winter they played to 145,000. In the past four years the New York one team in this league has been watched by almost a million people.

Today the modern hockey skate is tubular, for lightness, and flat for speed and strength. The blades are of tempered steel and of approximately an eighth of an inch in width. The streamlining of skating, making figure skating easier, the growth of hockey, the invention of artificial ice, the development of the new shoe skate, the entrance of showmanship into

exhibitions—all these have helped build up the growing interest in ice sports in recent years. But probably if one single person is responsible more than any other it is Sonja Henie, the 29-year-old Norwegian lass who held the World's Amateur Figure Skating title from 1927 until she turned professional in 1937. Her entrance into pictures—she leaped into the big ten of the movie world in a single year with one picture—sold the nation on the art. Sporting goods stores are unanimous in declaring that the sale of rocker skates has about doubled since the arrival of the blonde Norse girl and the release of her pictures.

Sonja with crowd-lure, a pair of high priced skates and sturdy legs, grossed \$700,000 for twenty-nine shows in five cities on her 1938 tour. She'll be in the big money this winter also. That doesn't mean the Gay Blades and other ice troupes haven't had a hand in the popularity of skating, too. The Ice Follies started in 1936 with a capital of \$6,000. They used to travel in buses. Today they have three cars attached to limited trains, and in Madison Square Garden recently they drew 14,000 on their last evening. In the season of 1937-1938 they played to almost a million clients, including over 260,000 in Atlantic City during the summer.

The cast, which includes Bess Erhardt, twenty-year-old girl from Superior, Wisconsin, and Shipstad and Johnson, comedians, are booked solid for twenty-seven cities this winter, many of whom had never heard of figure skating ten years ago. In this connection, Madison Square Garden, originally built for prize fights, had 200,000 at indoor bouts last winter. Ice troupes and hockey drew over a million customers.

An excellent example of the increasing popularity of skating is Iceland, the small rink in Madison Square Garden, New York. Last year's receipts were just double those of ten years ago, and this season they anticipate an attendance of half a million skaters, with public sessions every night, and Saturday, Sunday and Monday afternoons. The ice is used by speed or figure skating organizations from six in the morning on, and is cleaned six times daily. At least twenty-five new rinks have been put up this past year in various parts of the United States and Canada, in big cities and small ones. Calgary, Edmonton and Saskatoon in Canada, and Hollywood with its new

Pan-Pacific Arena are recent newcomers. Saskatoon spent \$140,000 on an ice plant after seven bad financial years. Vernon and Nelson, Canada, with populations of 5,000, both have enclosed rinks. Crookston, Minnesota, 6,000 inhabitants, constructed the finest structure of its kind in any city of the same size. Their new Winter Sports Arena cost \$72,000, of which the town furnished \$20,000 and the rest was put up by the W.P.A. This arena, 233 feet long by 110 wide, is expected to pay for itself within a ten-year period.

Not every town can afford an indoor rink but most towns can flood public areas for skating. Here are directions given by George Ehmann, landscape

maintenance superintendent of the Chicago Park District in charge of preparing and keeping up skating ponds:

The first step is to level the ground and throw up an earth embankment around the area. Actual flooding should not be attempted until the temperature has fallen to twenty-eight above zero, or even lower. The proper way to flood is to equip a garden hose with a rose spray, and wet the ground thoroughly until the first ice becomes level. One night of freezing will do for this first spraying. The next night spray back and forth from one end of the area to the other. In this way a half inch of ice can be secured on the second or third night, and all uneven parts of the surface will have

been covered. Nights are the best time to flood. A hose long enough to reach the entire area should be used.

Figure skating is much easier indoors on artificial ice than outdoors. Inner-rockers, outer-counters, three-change-three backwards, loop-change-forwards and other prescribed figures are far more difficult with wind momentum, snow shavings and cracks in the ice to be encountered. Furthermore the science takes years to learn. In fact the first requisite in a figure skater is not strong legs or balance or any such attribute. It's youth. Sonja started when she was eight. Bess Ehrhardt when she was at the same age. Maxie Herber of Austria began at five and Maribel Vinson at four.

Stepmothered to Greatness

(Continued from page 5)

scrapbook for keeping. Always, she said, when he had copied out some piece on paper, he would bring it to her and read it, asking her opinion of it, explaining it if necessary. The picture is appealing: the eager boy and the sympathetic mother who could not read what he showed her.

Besides the Bible, a copy of which Thomas Lincoln is said to have brought home in 1818 or 1819, the very first books that Abraham read in were, most likely, the ones wagoned in from Kentucky. One cannot be sure what they meant to him, what he got from them, but they invite conjecture.

In the book of Aesop the boy read of the father and his sons and the bundle of sticks. He lived to lead the Union of States in a war against secession, a severing of the bundle which would have permitted a breaking of the sticks one by one. In the fable of the hare and the tortoise he may have had suggested to him for the first time that slow but sure wins in the end, that "making haste slowly" may be the wisest policy. Abraham Lincoln the man was notoriously slow in espousal, decision, and action on great public questions; was conservative, not radical. Though hating slavery, he never joined the Abolitionists, contenting himself before the Rebellion with opposition to the extension of slavery in the territories. He waited for the rank and file to come up with him. "The whole man, body and mind, worked slowly as if it needed oiling." No outside pressure could hurry him. He deferred emancipation until convinced the occasion was right. He knew how to bide his time.

In Robinson Crusoe the boy Abraham met a man forced to rely wholly on himself. The man solved problems of food, shelter, clothing, defense, personal comfort, mental adjustment, unaided and alone. Abraham Lincoln's closest associates in his public life testified that his confidence in himself was such that they

never presumed to offer aid, and he seldom invited it. Friendly and approachable always, he was a lone worker, secretive, "shut-mouthed," self-reliant, sure of himself once he had made up his mind. When he did ask counsel, he often ignored or overruled it. "It is absurd to call him a modest man," reads the well-known statement by John Hay, one of his secretaries in the White House. "No great man was ever modest. It was his intellectual arrogance and unconscious assumption of superiority that men like Chase and Sumner never could forgive."

One likes to think that the boy saw in The Pilgrim's Progress, in the first reading, only a tale of robust adventure, that its deeper meaning as an allegory of the spiritual life came to him only gradually in rereadings. In making his way through Bunyan's story of Christian and Great-heart and the Giant Despair, as in the Bible, he exposed himself to the art of phrase—the picking up of the right word or group of words. Simplicity of literary style, vividness, directness, figurative coloring, the right word, were not unknown in later years to Thomas Lincoln's son. It was a wide gap from "knewed you as a gal" to "the mystic cords of memory" and "With malice toward none," but it was spanned in a single generation.

Ten years after leaving Elizabethtown, Kentucky, Thomas Lincoln and his wife returned to it to sell a lot there owned by her since her first husband's death. The Lincolns were going to move again, this time to Illinois, and were turning their holdings into cash. The lot brought \$123, just two dollars less than Thomas's Indiana farm sold for.

That Sarah Bush Johnston had owned real estate at the time of her pleading that she had "debts" was not incongruous. Men have been "land poor" in later times. A tradition among a branch of the Hankses, discovered in the Ozarks some years ago by Arthur E. Morgan, the

former chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, had it that those debts totaled \$2.50. The amount was a larger sum than might appear. Cash would buy a good deal in those days. Labor was cheap. When Abraham Lincoln was hired out to the neighbors in Indiana, his wage was twenty-five cents a day.

The Lincoln family and connections, traveling by wagon and oxen, arrived in Illinois in March, 1830. The company numbered thirteen. Sarah Lincoln, Abraham's sister, had married and died in Indiana. Dennis Hanks had married Elizabeth Johnston, and they were along. Squire Ball had married Matilda Johnston, and they were along, too. The rest of the party included Thomas Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Abraham, John Johnston, and five grandchildren of Mrs. Lincoln. (No children were born to Thomas Lincoln and his second wife.) Also, just as the Johnstons' cat had journeyed from Kentucky to Indiana, so a pet dog accompanied the Lincolns to Illinois.

Abraham Lincoln was twenty-one. He helped locate his parents on a farm in Macon County and then cut loose from home. In mid-summer the next year he paid them a visit on the farm in Coles County to which they had moved. One other visit, a notable one, is of record, made to Mrs. Lincoln alone, his father being dead, just before he left for Washington to assume the Presidency. He was fifty-two years old, she seventy-three.

Twenty years before that visit, he had bought the forty-acre tract occupied by Thomas and Sarah Lincoln at Goose Neck Prairie, Coles County, their final moving, and arranged a life estate in it to them or the survivor. Later when he learned that the restless John Johnston was thinking of selling his land and moving westward, he wrote him: "The eastern forty I intend to keep for mother while she lives; if you will not cultivate it, it will rent for (Continued on page 38)

Stepmothered to Greatness

(Continued from page 37)

enough to support her—at least it will rent for something. Her dower in the other two forties she can let you have, and no thanks to me.” And again: “If the land can be sold so that I can get three hundred dollars to put at interest for mother, I will not object if she does not.”

WARD H. LAMON, who probably was as near to intimacy with Abraham Lincoln as any man became, wrote in his biography of Lincoln that “when in after years Mr. Lincoln spoke of his ‘saintly mother’, and of his ‘angel of a mother’,” he referred to Sarah Bush Lincoln. Lamon added that he had many times heard Lincoln make the application and that “while he seldom, if ever spoke of his own mother, he loved to dwell on the beautiful character of Sally Bush Lincoln.”

One need not accept this wholly.

According to Herndon, Lincoln once told him, “All I am or hope ever to be I got from my mother,” meaning Nancy Hanks Lincoln. Lincoln was speaking of qualities and powers of mind he believed he inherited through her from her father, of unknown identity, not of her own influence upon him. Which are more potent in shaping the man, inherited qualities or acquired tendencies? It is an old question, never settled.

“Abe was a good boy,” runs the historic statement by Mrs. Sarah Lincoln, after his death, “and I can say what scarcely one woman—a mother—can say in a thousand: Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused, in fact or appearance, to do anything I requested of him. I never gave him a cross word in all my life. . . . His mind and mine—what little I had—seemed to run together. . . . He was a dutiful son to me

always. I think he loved me truly. I had a son John, who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys; but I must say, both now being dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expect to see.”

Sarah Bush Lincoln lived to be eighty-one years old. She is named, together with Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks Lincoln, on a memorial erected in her native Elizabethtown. Also there is a marker at the graves of herself and Thomas Lincoln in a country cemetery in Coles County, Illinois.

Her life was spent in humble places. It was full of toil. She could not read or write. But she had character. Because she loved and cared for a motherless boy in untoward surroundings, and encouraged him to study, she is part of the supreme epic of America that is Abraham Lincoln.

And she was a stepmother.

They Told All

(Continued from page 17)

with Captain William H. Dearden, expert on enemy order-of-battle. The blue line was the eagerly sought last line we must break before Sedan. Now the inquisitors began quizzing prisoners for further details.

“Send us men from Labor Battalions,” they begged the front line. Where were machine gun and battery emplacements being made? By November 1st the attacking troops had a detailed map of the blue line, including its name, the Freya Stellung. But by November 2d they had torn up the map and the Stellung too, and were out in the clear, heading for Sedan.

SO SCRAPs of paper helped end the battle as they helped begin it. The first morning, September 26th, G-2, I Corps urged the 28th and 35th Divisions: “Send most promising prisoners by automobile.”

The staff car arrived filled with officers of the First Guard Division, about the toughest, least talkative lot imaginable. The receivers were utterly flabbergasted. Then someone groaned:

“Well, let’s search ‘em, anyway.”

In a boy lieutenant’s pocket they found a map and a paper: The entire German defence plan for the Aire valley; not only the front line which the First Guard held, as we had suspected, but as we had not dreamed, the second position where ready to counter-attack lurked the Fifth Guard, which was tougher than the First—in fact, the very toughest Division in the German Army.

Scraps of paper from prisoners and dugouts were so valuable that G-2 men were especially trained in screening from diaries, letters and *Soldbucher* (identification-books), orders and bulletins such nuggets as:

“Anti-tank combat and traps;”

“The gassing of dugouts; directions for using the gas-bomb;”

“Instructions to the machine gun post ‘Laura.’”

And especially “The new defensive tactics” detailing methods to be used in carrying out in the Meuse-Argonne a general order signed “Ludendorff” and saying:

“It is on the main line of resistance and behind that line that we must hold. There is the place we must aim straight, without wasting ammunition, and prepare for the hand-to-hand fight.”

That treasure of the St. Mihiel salient was one of our most valuable finds; the first official revelation not alone of German defense plans, but of a munitions shortage that had the Big Shot himself worried.

Additional priceless bits were the effects of Generals Von Gallwitz and Von der Marwitz to the troops facing us; “Hold that line!” in September and early October while the Germans withdrew safely before the French and British.

“The Americans have the worst blood-letting sector,” said a pilot whose plane had hurtled down 5,000 feet on our side of the line. “That’s what they say at Fifth Aviation headquarters.”

“So?” remarked his companion in hos-

pital. “Just two weeks ago I was there—in Montmedy.”

“No longer are they at Montmedy,” the pilot whispered. “They’ve moved to Arlon.”

“So far back?” replied the other, also a pilot by his bloodstained uniform. “The Fifth Army must be going to retreat . . . Ach, my shoulder!”

He shifted his bandage painfully.

“I wouldn’t be a prisoner,” he groaned, “but for our lousy petrol. My ship died on me. . . .”

“You’re not the only one,” consoled the first. “That petrol cost our squadron three planes last week.”

More talk, until the newcomer dozed off. Then the other scribbled a note and tiptoed to the door. To the guard he passed the note and whispered:

“For Major Griffith. This one’s easy. I’ll stay a while.”

HERMAN was one of the best stool pigeons, and the toughest. He had been “wounded” more times than any living aviator. Bedecked with bandage, he knew his aviation and aviators, and how to loosen them up with talk of their pet subjects, high-flying fighting planes and women.

His only crash was when, as he accosted a prospective victim, a Milwaukee boy new to the game slapped him on the shoulder with a hearty, “Hiya, Herman old kid?” The prospective victim turned on his heel—and that was that.

Later that Milwaukee boy squared himself and just prevented murder. From

the officers' pen came angry murmurs, then a hoarse shout of alarm, ending in a horrid gurgle. It was smothered, now, beneath grayclad bodies; a wolf-pack striving with claws and teeth to rend one of their number. Pinioned on his back, eyes protruding, officers clutching at his throat, his only sound a gasping wheeze, he was strangling agonizingly to death; a tall, handsome blonde youth in new German officers' uniform.

"Get back!" shouted the Milwaukee boy sternly. "I'll shoot!"

Before his menacing Colt the Germans sullenly withdrew, and their victim struggled to his feet, trembling and gray-faced. Then the guard exploded:

"Adolf, what a stool-pigeon you are! You got your boots blacked again!"

But Adolf was a better source of information than any spy, despite two spy-characteristics—vanity and courage. Both had impelled him to lead a trench-raid to capture Americans; reward, an Iron Cross, first class. But the Americans had captured him. He would never see the Iron Cross, and to inquisitors he turned a Great Stone Face . . . until Major Griffith gave him a chance to play the piano. Lo, the tough top sergeant showed himself a musician, romantic and idealistic, a university graduate.

"You don't really like war, do you?"

"I hate it! I am a Socialist!"

"Why not help end it? You would be a world-benefactor. And—you'd eat!"

Those mixed motives put Adolf to work with a will, against any German or Germans save his former buddies in his old outfit. He sought the hottest spots in the front line, where officer-prisoners, fresh out of hell, were least on guard. He got them going and coming; first a once-over that gave the inquisitors an idea what to question them about; then a re-check to see what they had held back. Easily done, by pretending he himself had been questioned and had "fooled that stupid Yankee. Didn't you?"

In these and other maneuvers clever help came from Lieutenant Sidney L. Levengood, Corporal John A. Ostermuller and Privates Albert E. Traeger, Leonard M. Mayer, Hendrik S. Muller and Charles Sheffler, but Adolf was a born actor, playing his role so well that he could report:

"The 76th Reserve Division formally petitioned for relief after their fighting against the Lost Battalion. No more fight left in them."

"Engineer officer names nearly a hundred towns behind the front from which French civilians are being evacuated."

"Officers of the 240th Division say when they entered the line October 17

they were told they were to cover a withdrawal."

And plenty more, that Chaumont fitted into its mosaic, such as the captured colonel. He had commanded the 111th Infantry until October 10th, when the First Division barrage trapped him in a concrete dugout near Sommerance, and he came out cursing his Division Commander for insisting he stay in such a man-trap.

"He's sore," Adolf reported. "He'll talk."

So when the colonel demanded every toilet-article in Woolworth's, he got them; also a bath, clean clothing, cigars, an

ing a mass levy of the whole German population—old men, women, children. The news released a secret spring of fury in Adolf. Face livid, hands clenching and unclenching, he came to Major Griffith:

"That so-and-so!" he cried. "He wants to prolong this war! He must be killed! I can do it!"

He was deadly earnest; had it all worked out: the place to crawl into the enemy lines; the route to Great Headquarters; the pistol—one of those little German ones. . . .

Major Griffith handed him an intercepted wireless message.

"They've turned Ludendorff down," he said. "He's resigned."

"*Gott sei dank!*" cried Adolf, and wept like a baby.

G-2 gave him his Iron Cross, first class; with proper German ceremony, which made him proud. It must have been a very queer scene.

Today, perhaps Adolf shows that black-enameled trinket to his children, who doubtless are good Americans. For after the war G-2 brought him and Hermann to this country—which was much nicer all around. Some people in Germany might not have appreciated what they had done to create the German Republic, by helping John J. Pershing get his order of battle map 100 percent accurate, as it was on November 11, 1918. That day it showed that the German Army had no real reserves left, and we had plenty, which worried the German G-2ers for they knew neither how many nor where those reserves were. German documents

we captured show that, and so does this:

A German officer-prisoner sat down opposite Major Griffith and smiled quizzically.

"So you're Major Griffith, are you?" he asked. "Well, we know all about you, and what you're doing."

"And how much do you know about our order of battle?"

"Your front line we know pretty well," he said. "But about your reserves not so much. Your *verdammt* doughboys won't tell us though we tried a fine scheme—brought together a few, each from a different outfit, and got them arguing about which was the best outfit. All they knew came out—but *Teufel!* They didn't know anything! Americans have no military minds."

Thomas M. Johnson was the correspondent of the New York Sun with the A. E. F. and has remained a keen student of that momentous affair. With Fletcher Pratt he recently wrote the story of the Lost Battalion in book form, part of the text first appearing in this magazine in the April, 1938, issue under the title, "The Lost Battalion As the Germans Saw It."



"He won't pay his bill—says he found a fly in his second drink"

orderly — and Adolf's company. He didn't suspect a thing.

"He's a good egg. Worried about his company commanders. I've found two of them, in the cage."

"One at a time, we'll send them in," decided the major. "When they come out, you pump them. We'll double-check."

The double-check was the orderly, a Milwaukee boy, sonorously asleep while the colonel and first one, then the other of his officers talked; of how astonishingly accurate the American artillery had been — and how inaccurate their machine-guns. Why, for instance . . . What a pity the 111th would never have a chance to try the colonel's new idea about offensive use of machine-guns. . . .

That scheme was Major Griffith's entering wedge to a long, friendly talk with the colonel, with this dramatic climax.

"For some time there has been want of unity between the staff and lower commands. Now I see it in the staff itself. That is the last crack. The German Army cannot hold out much longer."

Indeed it couldn't, if at last the Great General Staff were cracking. Then came news that its head, Ludendorff, was urg-

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 9)

"How do you know you got all his story? With the cops after him, looks like he had his foot in something sticky. Besides there's a penalty for helping a crook—what do they call it? Accessory, or something like that."

"Climb down, Dyson. You're seeing things. And listen to me. I admit the kid's got to pay his dues, but there's no use in his hanging in more'n the thing's worth. He's slipped and partly caught himself and it's left him teetering. If he falls now, he won't be worth a tinker's hoot—like when a man breaks his hip, he can't ever put spurs on again. Me, I aim to steady him till he gets his grip. That's all. And he's going to need all he can get if that girl died."

THE renewed shock of the policeman's visit left Tred useless all afternoon, and he turned away from an uneaten supper. A thunder storm, growling and splashing over the territory late that night, kept him yelling in his sleep till Pike shook him thoroughly awake. He must have got up then and gone outside to tramp the road alone, for his shoes were streaked with mud when he came in at daybreak. He spurned his break-fast and, empty and depressed, followed along to the work at the crossover.

Now the line O'Brien's crew had strung north to supply the mill crossed above an old east-west circuit at this particular pole, forcing Pike and Dyson to crawl through or around a trio of wires charged with thirteen thousand volts every time they shinned aloft. To make things worse, the obsolete weatherproof braid insulating the hot line had mostly frayed through, and though they guarded it with rubber blankets and wore gloves, one unlucky move meant a long, long trip from home. And this is saying nothing of the dampness left from the storm, encasing everything up there, greasing the way for a treacherous jolt of voltage.

Both Pike and Dixie were restrained, untalkative, Tred noticed; a veneer of indifference failed to conceal their uneasiness entirely. Pike did say, "I'll climb," and Dyson answered, "No, it's my turn today," each alert to the risk facing the first man to rise, each knowing full well the possibilities of a ride on the stretcher to the nearest mortuary. Let the insulating blankets be hung or the sun work for an hour, then the rods would be infinitely improved. Nevertheless Dyson buckled his spurs, undramatically, hung a rope to his belt, and checked his gloves for cracks.

Just then a squirrel burst from a tree, along the line, landed on one of the weathered live cables, and tight-rope'd rapidly toward the crossarms. It turned abruptly for another tree, when sight of

the humans below alarmed it, leaping from one wire to the next. But its wet tail caressed one wire as its paws clutched the other.

There was a sharp sizzling, the way a steak will sputter under a hot grill, and a grunt from the outraged cables so suddenly short-circuited. The shock catapulted the little animal several feet into air and it fell, slowly revolving, to ground. Tred tiptoed over to look at it, before Dyson kicked it gently under the bushes, and then sneaked behind a tree while his empty stomach retched. Its pelt looked well charred though the contact had been too brief to cook the unfortunate beast much.

In the next minute Dyson started nonchalantly for the crossarms, and Tred, incredulous, open-mouthed, watched the deliberate way he sank his spurs into the pole, flipped rubber covers between himself and electrocution, and deftly squirmed up through to the upper crossarms.

Tred turned to Pike, exclaiming, "Isn't that terrifically dangerous?"

"Well," Pike drawled. "It's a lot in your viewpoint. Take me now, I think deep sea diving's a mighty precarious pastime, but the fellows in it seem to thrive."

"Just the same, isn't he liable to get—to be killed outright like"—Tred finished by pointing to the gray carcass under the bush.

"He might, of course. Unlikely though. There's this difference: Dyson knows what he's up against."

"That makes it all the worse—" Tred persisted. "It would to me anyhow. I'd be scared to death."

"There's things you have to get over—kid yourself out of some way. You see the way we figure, if a circuit's got your ticket on it, why—" Pike shrugged expressively. "Besides it's quick and painless they say."

"But when you know you're liable to get crippled and burned or even killed—how can you make yourselves go up there?"

"IF WE should quit once," Pike replied patiently, "we'd never get back our nerve to climb again. It's like this, son. You have to play around the heat when it's your job. Chances are you'll work around the stuff all your life and die in a saloon maybe." Pike shook a solemn finger. "Everything you're afraid of is that way, my boy; not half so bad as you thought if you'll just get busy at it."

Tred hung piteously on those last few words as if he feared losing the support of them and falling further into the abyss of misery he strove, thus far vainly, to escape. He stepped back a pace to watch Dyson stolidly completing a splice,

Dyson tipping back indifferently almost against violent death. Then he wandered a few steps away, head bent, shoulders drooping, and slumped dejectedly against a tree. Pike turned with a sigh to tie a roll of tape on the rope Dyson let down.

And a little while later Chet Hardy drove up, a cheery bantam of a man who had been Eastern Power's local manager for years. Before he could get out, Pike clambered into his car and shut the door. "I figure you might be willing and able to help us, Mr. Hardy," he suggested, and forthwith detailed Tred's predicament and the favor he wanted.

Hardy nodded knowingly. "I heard about Allyn's scrape; the whole town's in a minor uproar over it, and wondering where he's hiding. He'd been better to have stayed with his trouble."

"Yes. That's why—"

"Sure. You thought he might get off a little easier provided he had some backing. I'd talk to him myself if I thought it would do any good, and I'm willing to try lining up the State Police. But Pike, that's only half the boy's trouble. Do you know the Old Man—Tom Tredder?" Hardy smiled sardonically as Pike shook his head. "Ever drill into granite hoping to find a soft spot? 'Twouldn't surprise me a bit if he'd sworn out a warrant charging his own son with stealing his car, for nobody'll ever accuse Tom Tredder of playing favorites."

"MAYBE not," Pike returned grimly. "And maybe he hankers to ruin the boy by being pig-headed. Now look, Mr. Hardy, if that's the way it is, isn't there someone knows the Old Man's wiring, who'd tell us where to tap on and shunt him off?"

"I can drum on him, of course; catch him at lunch this noon. Then again, you might take your story to Nelson, though it's a pretty far-fetched, round-about idea. He and Tredder are pretty close—fact, they hatched this power plan you're working on now."

"Nelson," Pike repeated hesitatingly. He knew Nelson held down a vice-president's mahogany desk chair in the magnificent Eastern States Power head office.

"O'Brien knows him," Hardy offered as he started away. Then he leaned out his window and called back, his eyes twinkling: "There's a daughter, too, Allyn's older sister, who's pretty thick with her dad. Get on the right side of her."

Before he hastened down the road to argue with O'Brien, Pike first called Tred over so Dyson, up on the crossarm, might have somebody to toss tools and hardware at him. The youngster didn't seem to be making any comeback whatsoever.

He moved aimlessly, dazed, almost as if an insulator or something had dropped on his head.

Then Pike found the foreman unexpectedly obdurate, even sarcastic, flatly grounding every proposal Pike made. "I may be after letting you make a Boy Scout of me," he objected finally, "but them fellows at headquarters is a hardboiled breed of cats. Nothing doing."

"You know what I think?" Pike aimed a chance shot in the dark. "I think Mr. Nelson's got the Indian sign on you."

"Me afraid of Chris Nelson?" the Irishman bellowed. "Scared of that blue-nose? If it's really me you're speaking of, fifteen years ago him and me was pole grunts together. He was Chris and I was Terry to him. Still am. Only I had more muscle than brains and he riz right up to the top, whilst I'm just foreman over a pan full of you string beans. Scart!" O'Brien circumscribed a pebble in the road with a ring of tobacco juice. "Come on down to the hotel."

There he wedged his burly form into a telephone booth and spent a fist full of silver getting through to Nelson in the distant city. And the ensuing, blistering conversation left Pike trembling, fearful lest this part of his carefully laid plan might crumble, until he reasoned it was the way the two cronies had between themselves. Nelson said "No!" promptly after O'Brien had labored through an explanation and asked him to intercede with Tred's father, and the way he turned O'Brien down made Pike half look for melted solder running out of the receiver on to O'Brien's sleeve. But O'Brien merely sighed audibly.

"Now, Mr. Nelson." The foreman switched to a silky, dulcet purr. "You're after wanting this power line finished, ain't you? In course you do. You'd be sort of discommoded if anything happened so's the work on it stopped. . . . Strike? Who said anything about striking?" O'Brien's voice roughened again rapidly. "We'll be getting through entirely—quitting is what I mean, chucking the job, or maybe it's so snooty you've become I should say resign. . . . Just that, you bleached out Iceland walrus. We're all at ones here, seeing eye to eye the kind of help that kid should get, and you'd better be looking in the same way or—"

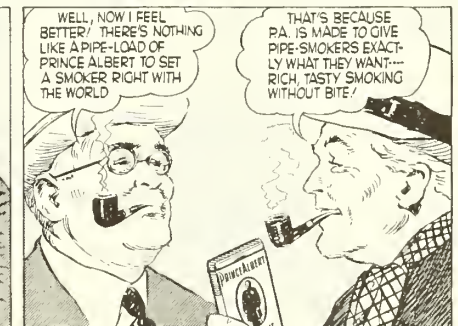
O'Brien's jaw dropped. "Huh? Oh!" His form relaxed. "So you'll be telephoning the lad's old man soon's I take my disgusting noise off the wire. Cock your ears, Chris; 'tis the silence of the tomb you're listening to." And he clicked off stealthily.

A self satisfied smirk condensed the perspiration into ridges of his red face as he emerged from the telephone booth, though he muttered malignantly: "That yellow-bearded son of Norway had me fooled a trifling minute."

Pike disappeared upstairs to wash and change into a clean shirt—the one he used his (Continued on page 44)

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

AT THE
RADIO CITY
SKATING
RINK



Smoother Smoking to YOU

THOSE P.A. FOLKS PUT **EXTRA JOY** IN SMOKING BY REMOVING THE BITE. PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES **EXTRA MILD, FULL-BODIED**

AND P.A.'S THE TICKET, TOO, FOR RICH-TASTING 'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES THAT ROLL UP **FASTER, SMOKE SLOWER, COOLER**

EVERY TIN OF P.A. BACKED BY THIS GUARANTEE

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert



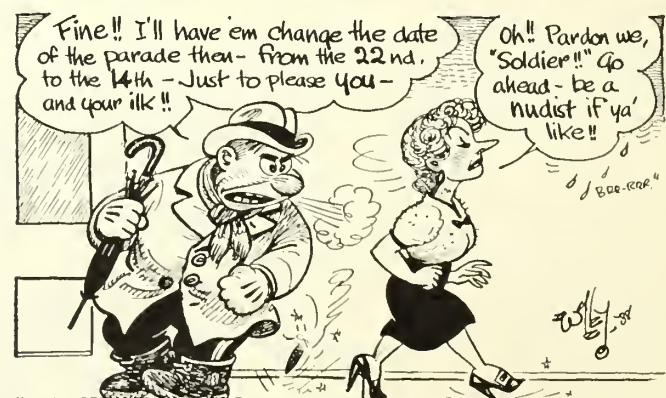
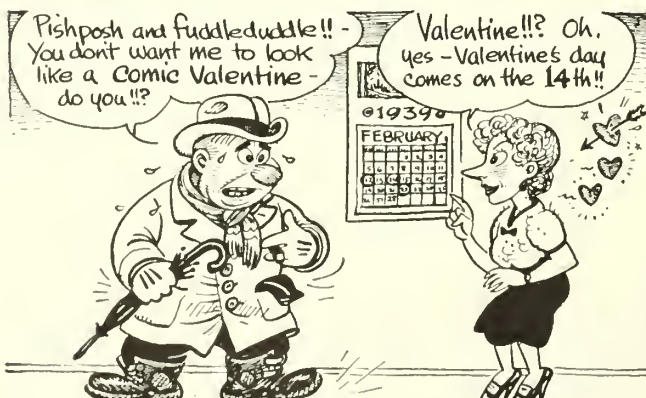
PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE

WE LOVE A PARADE

But Not in Heavy Marching Order

By Wallgren



FRONT and CENTER

THOSE REUNIONS AGAIN

To the Editor: In answer to Legionnaire Gerald E. Cronin of Detroit, Mich., "Why Not These Reunions?" of Divisions Eighth to Twentieth and the 94th to the 102nd, would say that personally I think it is a swell idea.

The writer, a member of Kensington Post 708, Buffalo, N. Y., served with one of these Divisions, namely Plymouth (12th) Division, Major General Henry P. McCain, U. S. A., commanding, which was composed of the following units:

23rd Infantry Brigade, 36th Infantry, 73rd Infantry, 35th Machine Gun Battalion, 24th Infantry Brigade, 42nd Infantry, 74th Infantry, 36th Machine Gun Battalion, 12th F. A. Brigade, 34th Field Artillery, 35th Field Artillery, 36th Field Artillery, 12th Ammunition Train, 12th Trench Mortar Battery, 34th Machine Gun Battalion, 212th Engineers, 212th Field Signal Battalion, 12th Train Headquarters and Military Police, 12th Supply Train, 12th Sanitary Train, Ambulance Companies 245, 246, 247, 248; 212th Engineer Train, Field Hospital 245, 246, 247, 248; Sanitary Squad 91 and Bakery Co. 352.

The infantry of this Division trained at Camp Devens, Massachusetts, and the artillery at Camp McClellan, Alabama.—GEORGE H. THAMER, *Buffalo, New York.*

FROM A SIBERIAN VET

To the Editor: While reading the December issue of the Legion Magazine I was very pleasantly surprised to find that our new National Commander is an ex-officer of the same command of which I was a member, I being a sergeant of Co. F of the 27th Infantry stationed at Khabarovsk, Siberia, in 1918-1919, and knew Lieutenant Chadwick quite well. Congratulations, Steve.

I am the Adjutant of Amethyst Post, Creede, Colorado, and we are doing everything we can to put the little Post out in front; we are quataed at 18 members. We have that membership up to 24 now, with four or five more to go.

And we will never quit until we have them all signed up. I can't understand why any man that can belong to the Legion ever has to be run after for his dues.—DICK MILLER, *Creede, Colorado.*

MATERIAL FOR PATRIOTS

To the Editor: I seldom find time to write letters of appreciation to public organs or agencies, but the November number of The American Legion Magazine is so outstandingly good that I am using this means to say so. I like the firm stand the magazine and our National Commander are taking towards those in our midst

whose loyalties belong to forms of government other than our own. The articles, "We're Not Ashamed of It" by Frederick Palmer, and "One Ism and One Alone" by Commander Chadwick are particularly timely.

I am a college teacher. My contacts with young people are many and intimate. I am often astounded at the misconceptions young people have of the conditions, feelings, motives, causes, events, and problems of the World War and the World War period. The disturbing part of it is that the misconceptions are not altogether harmless. Many of them seem to come from sources which use subversive means to spread misinformation for a purpose. As a result we seem to have far too many of the Little Boy Blues referred to in Mr. Palmer's article.

I wonder if The American Legion could not help the situation by reprinting excerpts of, or even the whole of, the most significant and useful articles which have appeared through the years in The American Legion Magazine and The American Legion Weekly. The material could be organized into one or more volumes and published at a reasonable price.—H. C. WILKERSON, *Platteville, Wisconsin.*

KEEP AMERICA AMERICAN

To the Editor: Twenty years ago, the writer was a member of the U. S. Army in France. The American troops were moving into Germany as the Army of Occupation. At that time, all who had taken part in the terrible years which preceded the termination of the war felt that the cause of democracy had been saved for posterity.

Today we are witnessing a condition worse than all taking place in Germany, where a helpless people are being tortured and otherwise mistreated in a manner unspeakable. And the rest of the world stands by, allowing a mad and vicious group to dominate a once respectable nation.

We know that there is a German organization with Nazi affiliations attempting to organize in this country in forcible numbers, and thus scatter the seeds of discord now existing among the German people among our American people.

It is said by those who are in control

Because of space demands, letters quoted in this department (responsibility for statements in which is vested in the writers and not in this magazine) are subject to abridgement. Names, addresses and post affiliation must be given, though the editors will withhold publication of these if the circumstances warrant.

that these meetings can never amount to anything. But, ten years ago, in Germany itself, it amounted to little. Today, it amounts to all. The time to stop it is now.

As a Legionnaire, I favor Congressional action which will tend to return immediately to foreign soil from whence they came all those aliens who are sympathetic with organizations which carry with them any oath, or semblance of an oath, or obligation to any nation other than our own.

It is true that under our Constitution our people enjoy free speech, freedom of religion, and many other like privileges. But these privileges, in my opinion, do not carry with them the right of a foreign element to sow seeds of discord, or to conduct themselves in any manner so that their efforts may result in the same violent manifestations we have witnessed in lands overseas.—W. G. BOVIC, *Hot Springs, Arkansas.*

FROM A BLIND VETERAN

To the Editor: Through the kindness and ingenuity of my friend Jerry Mitchell of Santa Barbara Post No. 49 of The American Legion who has been doing a wonderful work, in transcribing The American Legion Magazine into Braille so the blind comrades may read of the activities of the Legion, as well as the more fortunate sighted comrades, I was enabled to enjoy the pleasures of reading the very interesting article called "Tomorrow Belongs to Us," written by Warren Stutler.

I would like to tell you a little about the good work that Comrade Jerry Mitchell of Santa Barbara has been doing for us blind comrades. Last year he conceived the idea that it would be a very nice thing if we could have a copy of The American Legion Magazine available in Braille, so that we could keep in touch with the activities of the Legion as well as the more fortunate sighted comrades, and so he got busy transcribing the magazine into Braille, himself, and getting others doing the same sort of work. He hopes, with the help of some of the prominent Legionnaires, to eventually have a copy of each issue in the hands of all blind comrades soon after the magazine comes out. And I sincerely hope that he can get all the help that he needs, and it will not be long before his dream is an accomplished fact.—ROBERT M. CLARK, *U. S. Military Home, West Los Angeles, California.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE—Warren Stutler's article on the Sons of the Legion appeared in the October, 1934, issue of this magazine. That issue was one of those recently made available to the blind, in Braille.]

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 41)

gold cuff links with—and put on a necktie. Not very long after that he braked O'Brien's flivver, which he'd borrowed, before a white residence in Eastham, a home set squarely in the middle of an immaculate lawn behind an iron fence, a well appointed house and solid. Because of the speech he had rehearsed on his way to Eastham he felt perfectly at ease as he waited an answer to his ring; composed that is, until the door opened.

It was Tred's sister, a feminine duplicate of him, and Allyn was handsome. Pike's tongue clicked against the roof of his mouth and welded there. He made several aimless motions with his arms, mostly toward his hat, and shuffled his feet.

SHE said: "How do you do? Can I help you?" Then she smiled.

By what feat of will power Pike managed to speak after that smile, he could never describe again. He felt as if his head, from which the sound of his voice emerged, were way up here, and the rest of him down there somewhere. It was like the time they gave him several whiffs of ether to set his broken leg.

"You bet you can help me," he began to answer with, nevertheless, a glibness that astonished him. "Though I want more you should help your brother."

"Allyn! Oh, you've heard from him or seen him! Where is he?" she demanded. She had stepped forward impulsively, close to Pike, her hands clasping eagerly at her throat. Pike had a vision of dazzling eyes, before he closed his own, and parted lips, velvet cheeks, and light hair that was a bit unruly—that he wanted madly and immediately to touch. He breathed deeply, drinking in the fragrance of every beautiful flower garden he'd ever known.

Yet he managed to say, "Allyn's all right and in good hands. And he wants to come home, but he's afraid."

"To come home? I don't understand."

"Looks like it to me. Your dad—"

"Oh, I see."

Pike settled in then to talk. Normally deliberate in speech, he can, when he needs to, resurrect more words than a Congressman ever thought of. He described Tred's plight fully and emphasized again the seriousness of Allyn's discouragement.

"We've got to line your dad up with us," he concluded earnestly. "Because Tred'll be ready to come home any minute now, and we don't want him to break down again."

The girl shook her head soberly. "Father is a very stern man, though he means to be just. And since mother passed away, he's been all the more concerned

over bringing Allyn and me up. So I suppose he's resolved to punish Allyn in some way for this escapade. Whether I can influence him to change or not, I don't know, but I'll try." She stepped forward suddenly to take both of Pike's hands. "I mustn't forget to thank you for all you've done."

The speed governor on Pike's heart flew apart and that organ raced right out of control. Her touch seemed to lift him through the window up to the fleecy clouds out there. In the meantime he could hear her voice continuing musically, "I'm just realizing that I don't know whom I'm thanking."

"Your pardon, ma'am. It's been so like we'd always known each other. I'm P. K. Corbin. Tred said your name was Alice." Then he added hopefully, "Most everybody calls me Pike."

"Imagine! On such short notice too. By the way, did Allyn tell you my name is spelled A-l-y-c-e?"

Luckily Pike's feet and hands could drive the flivver automatically back to the inn; his mind and his heart lingered in the living room at Eastham. "Allyn," he thought, "and Alyce. Pretty. Especially Alyce." He slowed down and solemnly addressed the faint reflection of himself in the window. "Mister Corbin, you underestimate. She's beautiful." It was beginning to dawn on him that his general affairs with the other sex, which had been heretofore neither frequent, involved nor enduring, were now definitely over. Luckily also, it was too late when he reached his room to bother about work, and he had both time and solitude for setting two feet on earth again before the gang trooped in to supper.

He checked over all the faces at the long table, and turned to Dyson. "Where's Tred?"

"Some helper your little man turned out to be!" Dyson exploded disgustedly through a mouthful of potato. "Spent all the afternoon wandering in and out of the woods with that funny look on his face. Once I seen him with his head back and his chin out and his hands grabbing air as if he was praying. Then when it got time, I yelled over in the bushes at him I'm going home, and he says he'll walk back later."

SHORTLY afterward Tred pecked in the door and motioned to Pike. The last few hours, Pike observed when he went out to him, had worked a change in him. His eyes were steady and his face composed; the sag had left his jaw and shoulders. He must have fought it out with himself. The hunted look, the panic, were gone; in their stead his attitude disclosed direction and purpose. He said:

"When you're through eating, I'd like to see you alone."

"Come on out here now," Pike suggested, pointing to the side door. "We'll sit in O'Brien's puddle jumper. I backed it in the alley."

Twilight was deepening as the man and the youth got into the flivver and sat side by side, and Pike waited for Tred to speak.

"I think I ought to go back home," Tred finally volunteered, unaffectedly and without preliminaries. "I'm ready to face the music."

It was not a time for a profusion of words. Pike forced a casualness he didn't feel. "I'm glad to hear you say it. Suppose I taxi you over, in a couple of minutes now, before O'Brien thinks he wants this tin contraption of his."

"I guess probably that'll be best," Allyn agreed, but added wistfully: "Gosh, I hate to leave. Honestly. Not that I'm afraid any more. Only you've been regular, babying me the way you did, and I owe you plenty. I don't want to say good-bye and not see you again."

"If I have my way, you're to see me a lot more than maybe you think," Pike interrupted without expecting Tred to understand the full significance of it.

And the boy, a little embarrassed, stumbled on with what was in his heart. "When ycu saw me yesterday and called me back, I was running away. It didn't matter where I went. Just any place I'd never be known. I'd get by somehow; even steal. What did I care! All I wanted was to forget, and be forgotten. Or die!"

PIKE nodded sympathetically. "Your voltage was running low."

"Low! I was a moral wreck. Then you called me a quitter—oh, not in so many words—it was the way you did your work. I wouldn't take your job for a thousand dollars a day, but you don't make a lot of noise over it. Anything's a cinch, you said, if you'll go at it. So I guessed I'd no need to cry over mine. Only"—he smiled ruefully—"I had a heck of a time with myself for a while, but it's all over now. I hope I can pay you back some day for making a man of me."

"Shucks! Dyson there and myself, we didn't do a thing. You had it inside all the time. You can't forge iron spikes out of lollypops, you know. Now—" Pike tried not to appear so hurried as he felt. Unnoticed by Tred a car had pulled up in front of the hotel, and Pike guessed he knew the girl driving it and who the man riding with her might be. "Now you sneak in the side here, Tred, and get your clothes changed. I'll meet you out front."

Thomas Tredder, hoisting himself rapidly out of the car and eyeing Pike

appraisingly, left opportunity for only the most perfunctory greeting and introduction. "I believe you're the man who knows the whereabouts of my son Allyn," he began aggressively.

Pike nodded non-committally.

"Then if you'll fetch him out or take us to him, we'll be going home with him." Tredder's words fell in sharp clicks like, Pike thought, snipping off bolt ends with bulldog clippers.

"He'll be here in a few minutes," Pike replied. Then his tone sharpened. "He's in shape now to weather a good stiff blow. But I wonder if you're ready with the come-along."

Tredder was a head shorter than Pike but his shoulders were square; he was sort of thick and round but there wasn't a wasted ounce of fat on him. He stepped forward, bristling. "What do you mean?" he snapped antagonistically.

"Just this." Pike made no effort to mollify him, other than to keep his voice even, though he hated to get off on the wrong foot with Alyce's father first thing. "I haven't had a father for a lot of years, and I haven't been one. Yet. So I don't claim to know all the ins and outs. But I had a kid brother. Now when we picked him up, Tred, that is Allyn, was shook down to a bag of jelly. Scared. Crazy. Afraid of the police, of everybody. Worst of all, he was in mortal fear of what you'd do to him." Pike leaned forward and peered earnestly into Tredder's astonished countenance. "That doesn't stack up, Mr. Tredder. Not to my way of thinking. When a young fellow's in trouble—especially a muddle he didn't exactly intend to bring on himself—he ought to be able to turn to his dad. Don't you think? Most kids are anxious to hack their own way through; they only need to be shown how to use the best tools. So suppose we agree, you and I, you'll stick an arm under him now and help him over the other deadfalls that's between him and a clear road. Suppose you do, eh?"

Tom Tredder was little used to taking orders—particularly from a man approximately half his age. His fists tightened till his knuckles whitened, and a red wave rushed from his corded neck to his hat. Pike added hurriedly, "You're not being asked to compromise a single one of your principles. He's been punished, licked, if that's what you think he needs. I never hope to see a man hand himself such a licking as that kid's been taking."

Still the two men stood facing each other, Tredder swaying slightly, apoplectic from holding himself in check. Pike folded his arms loosely. But even that simple flexing bulged his biceps below his rolled up sleeves and rippled the muscles across his chest and shoulders. When they wrestle with a pole, the gang usually lets Pike juggle the butt end.

Then Tom Tredder showed his quality. "Did I think ye insincere," he conceded suddenly, "I'd hand ye a lickin'. Or try to." His face began to drain and his speech was (Continued on page 46)



*Good
for my
disposition*

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your troubles away

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Velvet
—better
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tobacco

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 45)

burred with suppressed emotion. "Instead, I'm comin' on the line with ye, and"—he stuck out a square hand—"I may have ye to thank some day for possessin' a clearer insight than mine."

Stepping through the hotel doorway on to the dimly lighted porch, Allyn failed to notice his father partly concealed behind Pike, nor did he observe Alyce in the car. He started to say, "I guess I'm ready—" and then after a breathless moment of fighting for composure, he exclaimed: "Dad!"

It took Alyce to thaw a situation frozen with embarrassment and, on Allyn's part, renewed uneasiness and trepidation. She scurried around the car and had her brother's hair all mussed and tousled between eager fingers before either of the men could move a muscle. "Allyn, Allyn! Baby boy Allyn," she gurgled cheerfully. "You've gone and got yourself all muddy again."

Allyn let his head drop on her shoulder and seized one of her hands. "I've done worse than that, Sis," he murmured.

"That's what you think! Remember how we plotted to make Dad buy a new car? Only shame on you, Allyn! You weren't supposed to go out and wreck the old bus."

Allyn pushed her back to look at her.

His face was paling, his jaw set. "This is no time to joke, Alyce. She got—I killed—"

"Why you silly little chump! Is that what you've been thinking all this time! Didn't anyone tell you! Allyn, dear, she's running around town now, biting her nails, worried sick over you. They sent her home from the hospital yesterday because they couldn't find enough damage even to stick a piece of court plaster on."

Allyn nearly broke down again, but this time from joy and relief. For a minute he was so blinded his dad had to help him into the car. Then to Pike's distress, Mr. Tredder got in the car with simply an appreciative salute directed at him, and Alyce slipped in the other side. The starter growled. Pike could only stand dolefully, trying to smile, searching frantically for something to say besides good-bye. In another minute he'd be watching their tail lights winking at him from the darkness; sixty seconds more and Alyce would be blinked from his life. Unless he started from scratch again. But how could a lineman, just one step above a helper and two up from a pole grunt, what right had a lowly lineman to hope—

Allyn leaned forward and touched his

dad. "Couldn't Pike, I mean couldn't Mr. Corbin ride over with us? I—I, that is, all of us ought to get better acquainted with him."

"I had half the Power Company on my neck to-day," Mr. Tredder protested. "But so be it; I'll bear with another." A dry smile flicked across his lips as he glanced at Pike. "Get in, but don't pride yourself I'm not aware now who sicked Chris Nelson and Hardy on me."

From behind the wheel Alyce added her bit. She spoke to her brother but looked at Pike, her eyes warm with mischief and invitation. "He told me, Allyn, his name was Pike. Do you suppose we could find out whether it signifies a voracious fresh-water fish with an elongated head, or a staff, a weapon of ancient times—a museum piece?"

Pike grinned foolishly, blushed, and then clutched frantically at his blue work shirt. "Shucks!" he blurted. "Ought to change it. Only take a minute." And dashed for his room.

Up there he leaped joyously at Dyson and beat a soft tattoo on his ribs.

Dyson struck back. "Lay off!" he hollered. "Why the punishment?"

And Pike answered gleefully: "You're the lally who claimed our little man wasn't a top-notch helper."

On Wisconsin—and How!

(Continued from page 11)

"Think of all the publicity such a State-wide race would get."

Gil and Hank nodded, and Gil said, "And you could arrange for more modest prizes for each Department."

"If it were done every year," declared Hank, "the habit would take, and end this membership headache. And increase the total membership every year, too, believe it or not."

I promised to pass the idea on in the story I would write. Then I said that Hank would have to explain this service which seems to be so closely tied up with Wisconsin membership. There must be a connection.

"There is," said Hank softly, "our turn-over is less than 3,000 a year—year in and year out we sign up the same men. Why? Because we sell them service. If the Legion does a veteran a service the veteran can only pay back in one way—stay in the organization, and try to get others to join."

"What do you mean by service?" I asked.

"Showing a Legionnaire his rights under the hundred-and-one laws pertaining to veterans, and seeing that he

and his family get what they are entitled to."

He explained, then, just how this worked, and believe me, it was an eye-opener. For instance, right now, pushed by Jim Burns, the Department Service Officer, Wisconsin is driving to have all Legionnaires examined by their local physician and hospitalized in one of the Veteran Facilities if such treatment is found to be needed.

"The average Legionnaire is forty-three years old or so," said Hank, "and he's fraying a little around the edges. A lot of them have ailments which they ignore or temporarily palliate. Some of these complaints if allowed to go uncorrected become chronic and serious. The Legionnaire is liable to be incapacitated, perhaps for good. Whereas if he goes to a Veterans Facility and gets really diagnosed and treated by clinical methods the ailment can be caught in time, and the Legionnaire given many more years of useful work for himself and family. It's a sort of preventive medicine, and it's getting results. The number of our fellows taking out the time to go through the facility has grown by leaps and bounds,

and they appreciate our aid in helping them."

"You'd be surprised," put in Gil, "at the number of veterans—and Legionnaires, too, God save the mark!—who don't know they can be hospitalized at any Veterans Facility. The number in Wisconsin is darned few nowadays because we have pounded away for years, and Jim Burns's service schools have educated the fellows."

I asked a few questions about these service schools and the replies are illuminating. Wisconsin certainly has one of the finest organized service systems in the Legion. This excellence seems based on two facts—continuity of service by Post, District and Department service officers (Jim Burns is the first and only Department Service Officer); and service schools. I might add one other fact for later explanation—the formation of a Service Officers' Association that knits men and experience into friendly comradeship.

Jim Burns showed me his cards, pointing out one Post Service Officer after another who had six, seven and eight years of experience behind him. Many

had even longer. And the number of practising physicians who have assumed the job of Post Service Officer startled me—Jim pointed out 24 doctors now holding office.

Four or five times a year Department-wide service schools are held. Also scores of District and Post schools serve to bring the service officers up to date on changes in Federal benefits.

I think, however, the fact that impressed me most was the holding of "Service Night" in each Post and having every Legionnaire in that Post submit to a physical examination by his local physician. Jim Burns, a quiet, deep-voiced, friendly guy, smiled and his eyes lit up with enthusiasm as he said, "That was the best service the Legion of Wisconsin ever did its members. A lot of men are going to live longer, happier and healthier lives because of that examination."

As a result of this physical check-up the waiting list to enter the Veterans Administration Facilities grew to new records. Certainly Wisconsin has got something in this physical check-up that a lot of Departments can examine with interest.

"Another point in our service program," Big Gil said, "is the follow-up system. Get Jim to tell you about that."

Well, with changes taking place in the ramified Veterans Administration regulations and laws, it is not enough just to get a disabled veteran service-connected or get a widow or orphan the compensation awarded. The veteran may be, by later rulings, entitled to more, and so may the widow.

"And sometimes," said Jim, "when the disabled veteran dies his family doesn't know what their rights are. A service-connected veteran died last year, for example, and one day I wondered if his wife and kid had applied for compensation. They had not. I wrote to the old address, got no reply. Well, to make a long story short, after eight months of detective work we found that widow and child in Oklahoma. And badly off. The Government compensation she was entitled to made the difference between eating and not eating."

Sometimes, Jim pointed out, a disabled veteran applies for service connection, is turned down or fails to follow through and disappears. Burns has a big file of these and works like a G-man running down clues as to their present whereabouts. Some of these men may now be service-connected by changes in laws and regulations, and he doesn't wait for them to come to him. They never would, he said.

"The only way is keep after them, prod them," said Burns.

After listening to this I could understand that another trophy won at New York by Wisconsin is the National Service Award. They lost out to Illinois at Los Angeles but they're out to regain the honor at Chicago next September.

To round out the picture I chatted with a casual Legionnaire acquaintance. "I don't kid myself," he said. "I belong to the Legion because I got something out of it. I took the physical examination suggested by my Post Service Officer and found I had an infected gall bladder. Presently, I'm going to be whittled on, and it will come out. That's repair work—I'm going to be fixed up and my earning power continued. I owe it to the Legion. I'd be a dog not to be grateful. And being the queer sort of cuss I am, I try to pay back my debts of gratitude. That's why the boys will tell you I'm a membership-hound. I get members because I tell a veteran what he's going to get out of the Legion and human nature being what it is, he joins."

Big Gil told me about the number of Legionnaires he sees at district or department conventions who wear on their uniform sleeves the letters "S. O. A.," showing that they are now or at some time were Post, or District Service Officers.

"They're glad to continue in this work," Gil said. "Why, they're the detectives Jim uses in running down his missing veterans."

I wondered if other Departments had Service Officer Associations, but Gil didn't know.

"Let me sound off once more," said Hank, "because this is important to service work. The Department of Wisconsin finances its own service by its poppy sales. So we don't have anybody telling us how to run our service."

"Also, out of seventy-one counties in the State, we have forty-nine paid Service Officers. All of them, mind you, former Post or District Service Officers who know their stuff."

I admitted the importance of the facts, but what I wanted to see was a typical Post Service Night.

Gil told me about that.

"Doc Wilde of the Fifth District had one the other night," Gil said, "to acquaint the men with government benefits for them. Les Benson, the Illinois Service Officer, gave a talk, as a guest star."

"And, finally, what do you think?" asked Hank.

"I'm about past thinking, but what?" I asked.

"Jim Burns brought down the rating board from the Veterans Administration Facility at Milwaukee, and the members gave a demonstration of just how a rating board works. Boy, that opened their eyes."

I must confess that my eyes were opened, too, and that I had more ideas about membership and service buzzing in my skull than there were places for them to light. But to sum it all up I came away from Milwaukee with the belief that any Department which can get 34,000 out of 35,000 members before January 1st by selling service has got something for other Departments to read about. So here it is.

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Daughter of Dakota

(Continued from page 23)

his practice to the nearby larger town of Carrington, but the young people had not long been in their new home when, in September, he entered the service of his country at Camp Dodge, Iowa, where he was assigned to the 338th Field Artillery. Their happiness so soon interrupted, Mrs. Morris reluctantly gave up their home, stored their furniture and returned to her parents' home in Ohio. But she was not to remain there long. Veterans will not soon forget that winter of 1917-1918, one of the bitterest in years, nor will they forget the epidemics that laid low many camps and impeded training schedules. Jim Morris, soldier in the service, was one of the victims—pneumonia took a firm hold on him. His bride of a few months hastened to him in November and remained throughout the winter. One exceptional privilege was extended to young Mrs. Morris—she was permitted to stay as a guest at the Hostess House at Camp Dodge, thus eliminating the necessity of the daily trips between the post and Des Moines.

CHANCE decreed that Jim Morris was to be one of the two million men in service whose duties kept them in this country during the war period. When spring of 1918 rolled around, he was transferred to the Officers Training School at Camp Taylor, Kentucky, where he received his commission as lieutenant of artillery. Later he was ordered to the Artillery School of Fire at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. By Eastertime, Amelia had returned to Ohio and was soon impressed into service with Draft Board No. 11 in Cincinnati in a clerical capacity. Through that Board, which met in the Cincinnati Armory, thousands of men were assigned to training camps.

It was not until the spring of 1919 that Lieutenant Morris received his discharge from service, thus permitting him and Mrs. Morris to return to Carrington and reorder the course of their lives, disrupted by the war. There he resumed his law practice, with Edward P. Kelly, now a noted lawyer of Minneapolis, as his partner.

The organization of Posts of The American Legion was sweeping through the country, and Morris, realizing the importance of this comparatively new association of veterans, organized John Raymond O'Hara Post in Carrington. He served the Post as its first Commander, was its delegate at the first Department Convention at Bismarck, and then, in November, 1919, was a delegate from North Dakota to the first National Convention in Minneapolis, serving on the committee that framed the Legion's National Constitution. Shortly thereafter, in June, 1920, Amelia Morris organ-

ized the Auxiliary Unit of the Post, and since that early start has devoted practically all of her spare time to the activities of her organization. She served her Unit as Organizing Chairman, as President for two terms, and as chairman of various Unit committees. From that beginning she has consistently advanced in the esteem of the Auxiliary until now she occupies the highest office that the organization can confer. Judge Morris's subsequent holding of public office has precluded him from serving the Legion in an official capacity, but his interest is still great and he is always on call for Legion occasions as a speaker or in whatever other manner he can serve.

After getting the Carrington Unit established, Amelia Morris served as Organizing District President and was chairman of District committees. When the Department of North Dakota of the Auxiliary was organized in 1921, she represented her Unit and District, and was a member of the important Committee on Constitution and By-laws. During the year 1926-1927 she was Department Chairman of Membership and Cooperation at the same time that she was Vice-President of the Department organization. A two-year term as Chairman of Rehabilitation followed, after which, in 1929, she was elected Department President.

Amelia Morris is loyal to her home folks and that loyalty is substantiated by the fact that although in 1928 James Morris had been elected Attorney General of North Dakota, necessitating the removal of his family, which now included a young daughter, Jeanette, to Bismarck, the State capital, Mrs. Morris retained her membership in her "home" Unit in Carrington, so that its members might have the honor of having one of its own group in the chair of Department President.

The following year, she and her husband transferred their memberships to Lloyd Spetz Post and its Auxiliary Unit in Bismarck, to which they still belong. Following his term as Attorney General, there was a short period during which the Morrises lived at Jamestown, but then came Mr. Morris's election as a Justice of the State Supreme Court, and since then the family has resided in Bismarck.

NOT content with resting upon the laurels won during her term as Department President, Amelia Morris continued to serve the Auxiliary. During succeeding years she was a member of the Joint Welfare Board and the Joint Poppy Board, Chairman of National Defense and of Fidac, Chairman of Radio and Publicity, and in 1936-1937 served as

President of the Department's Past Presidents' Parley.

The splendid record of Auxiliary accomplishments which she had built up in North Dakota had brought Amelia Morris to the attention of the national organization as early as 1930, while her activities in the Department were continuing. During that year she represented her State on the National Executive Committee and was appointed Area Chairman of Rehabilitation. At the National Convention in Detroit in 1931 she was elected National Vice-President for the Northwestern Division, then followed two two-year terms as National Poppy Chairman and as National Rehabilitation Chairman. During her service in the latter chairmanship, which ended last year at the time she was elected National President, she was also an associate member of The American Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee upon appointment of the National Commander.

After this recital of Amelia Morris's service to and recognition by the Auxiliary, it seems unnecessary for me to suggest her unusual qualifications—her executive ability, her firm purpose in carrying through any task that may be assigned to her or that she may assume, her supreme idealism, backed up by common sense, her quiet charm and ability to deal with people in all walks of life. But one trait I must stress and that is her innate modesty. When I visited Mrs. Morris in the impressive office at National Headquarters from which the National President directs the activities of the more than 460,000 women who comprise the Auxiliary, Amelia Morris avoided talking about herself. Her interests are in the women and men of her Department and the work they are carrying forward—her greatest satisfaction is that she has brought recognition and happiness to her home folks and to her State.

WHEN Mrs. Morris insisted there was little to tell about herself, I appealed to some of her friends and co-workers in North Dakota, and my own opinion of her was more than fully substantiated. Here was exploded that oft-repeated statement that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. For instance, that outstanding Legion pioneer, Jack Williams, who has faithfully served the Department of North Dakota as Adjutant since its inception, told me, "I have been associated with Mrs. Morris ever since before the organization of The American Legion Auxiliary in our State. From that time until now, she has held every office and every important committee assignment within the Department. She has always cooperated fully with the Legion, never having lost sight

of the fact that the Auxiliary was indeed an auxiliary to The American Legion. Not only the Legion and the Auxiliary were proud when she was elected National President, but the same was true of all of our North Dakota citizens, who recognized in Mrs. Morris a person who would ably represent not only the program of the veterans and its Auxiliary but would represent that type of citizenship that is so sorely needed in our country today." Bill Stern of Fargo, whose service as National Executive Committeeman, as member of the National Finance Committee and in other important national positions sets aside any necessity of introducing him to a Legion audience, echoed Jack Williams's thoughts and told me of the early days and the subsequent years when he was privileged to work with Mrs. Morris on joint committees.

Laudation came likewise from women of her State. A true index of Amelia Morris's character was thus expressed by Mrs. Leo M. Harmon of Carrington: "We were brides together in this little Western town almost twenty years ago. We have exchanged baby formulas, recipes for food, and recipes on the art of living fully. Next to her family the Auxiliary has always been Amelia Morris's great love. During her district and national rehabilitation work, her one thought was for her 'boys,' and many a veteran, sensing her deep sympathy and understanding, poured out his troubles to her when others had failed. She has the art of being a good neighbor, not only to her friends, but to every one she meets."

From a newer neighbor, Mrs. H. W. Rosenthal of Bismarck, present National Executive Committeewoman, came these thoughts: "Her brilliant leadership and ability have played a very important part in the growth and development of our Department. During her term as Department President, she conceived and put into practice many new ideas and plans under which we still operate."

Mrs. Edna LaMoore Waldo, President of the Bismarck Branch of the American League of Pen Women, reported on another phase of Mrs. Morris's career: "Mrs. Morris is considered the finest speaker in North Dakota. She has given many addresses on safety and other civic subjects, commencement talks and on matters other than the Auxiliary. It was as a lecturer, one who does original work, that she was admitted to our League, which comprises women writers, artists, composers and speakers. I feel that the Auxiliary is probably the most business-like woman's organization we have (most of them are not!) and that Amelia Morris is one of the finest examples of the well-trained, efficient women who have served it."

Mrs. Morris's deep sense of humility in the honors that had come to her is supported by the fact that upon her return from the National Convention in Los Angeles, her first thought was to return to her home—a rather devious course by

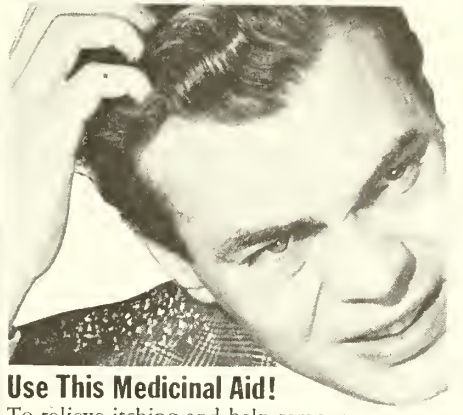
train and plane. National Headquarters and her duties there could wait until she could enjoy with her home folks the recognition given her State. When she and Judge Morris arrived at the Bismarck airport, after a flight from St. Paul, all of Bismarck—everyone and everything—was there to greet her. Not only the Legion and the Auxiliary in full force, including drum corps and other musical organizations, but representatives from the State National Guard and from civic organizations, club associates, state officials and all were awaiting her. Although the Auxiliary is her express hobby, Amelia Morris's activities embrace other organizations and are statewide.

As a member of the National Speakers' Bureau of the Girl Scouts of America, her services are in demand for talks, for radio addresses, in support of campaigns. As a member of the Bismarck Branch of the National League of American Pen Women, she appears often as a speaker before clubs and civic organizations of both men and women, although her particular choice is service clubs.

North Dakota being in our northernmost tier, enjoys the distinction of a wide variation in temperature. During its summers, the thermometer has at times registered well over 100, but Bismarck, when winter rolls around, has also been credited with a low of 45 degrees below zero! And transportation facilities in the State are not quite as generally developed as they might be. But such trivial handicaps did not deter Amelia Morris when the Legion or Auxiliary required her assistance. Snow and cold and blizzards were taken in her stride. If a journey necessitated riding a slow train, was to continue by car and end by wading through snowdrifts up to the knees, Amelia Morris would be on the platform of the meeting as near the scheduled hour as humanly possible. And invariably she would be greeted by a full-house audience of Legionnaires, Auxiliaries and other citizens, many of whom had experienced the same hardships to be there. Such recognition and cooperation account for Mrs. Morris's staunch loyalty to her home folks.

As has already been reported, Mrs. Morris told me her hobby is The American Legion Auxiliary. But, she went on to say, her job is her home. Should she prove unsuccessful as a home-maker, then regardless of whatever else she had accomplished, she would consider herself a failure. The philosophy expressed in her high school days—"a home where there is just a little more of thinking of others than of self"—is daily exemplified in the Morris home. No matter what important tasks may be facing Amelia Morris, there is one definite ruling: When the Judge and Jeanette are at home, outside interests are put aside. Up at seven each morning, at her desk by ten—but when three o'clock in the afternoon arrives, what work (Continued on page 50)

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Daughter of Dakota

(Continued from page 49)

remains to be done must wait until another time.

So it wasn't a simple matter for Amelia Morris to decide to give up an entire year of her life to the Auxiliary. It meant the interruption of the happy schedule of her home life, it meant also that sixteen-year-old Jeanette would have to leave her school mates during her last year in Bismarck High School, and that the Judge would in a sense be homeless during that year. But the philosophy of "thinking of others" is accepted by all of the Morris family.

The Judge, too, was happy that the women of the Auxiliary were insistent that Mrs. Morris accept the greatest honor that they could bestow upon her;

Jeanette was equally proud and was prepared to enter Stephens College at Columbia, Missouri, where she is continuing her schooling. That young lady, her mother assures me—and it took little assurance after seeing her photograph—is a normal, sweet young girl, interested in swimming, in horse-back riding and in sports of all kinds.

THERE will, during this Auxiliary year, be no go-betweens between the National President and the humblest worker in a small-town Unit. Personal honor or glory are least in the thoughts of Mrs. Morris. If during her year of office she can disseminate thoughts and ideas that will benefit the rank-and-file mem-

bers and the thousands of Units in the organization, then she will feel that her efforts have been crowned with success.

My visit with Amelia Morris ended upon a happy note. It was just before Thanksgiving that I saw her. Her desk had been cleared of all urgent Auxiliary business. She was no longer National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, but just a mother eager to start her way to Columbia, Missouri, where she would spend the holiday with her daughter. Following that visit would come a few days with the Judge—before she turned her steps toward the thousands of miles of travel, carrying the Auxiliary's message, that will be her lot during this busy year of her life.

Codyscopes of 1918

(Continued from page 1)

His being a first sergeant helped and his C. O. was very kind. We had many delightful hours together.

Is the moon in New Mexico not closer and more beautiful than anywhere else in the world? It seemed so to me, then.

One hike we enjoyed together will always stay in my memory. It was on Christmas day, 1917, and as warm and balmy as May in Iowa. We waded sand ankle deep through a dry river bed. I saw my first horned toad; they are unbelievably ugly but harmless. Yucca plants and cactus grow in profusion. The yucca plant is barbed at the ends with thorns sharp enough to pierce a shoe. I also saw for the first time a Mexican hairless dog and I certainly was not impressed with his beauty. The warm sun, the sand, the blue mountains which looked close enough to be reached in an hour's stroll, all made it a memorable Christmas day.

The mountains were about forty miles away but looked so close that many a rookie was deceived and tried to hike out to them. After walking all day through deep sand they still, apparently, loomed the same distance ahead, and the rookie returned to camp, a tired but wiser young man.

The sand blew nearly every morning. The road past our door, which was one of the main roads into camp, was ankle deep in sand. I often watched from my window the long brown columns of marching men, their feet making a peculiar crunch, crunch in the loose sand. Often they wore handkerchiefs over their mouths and noses to protect them from the whirling sand. I have seen them returning from one of their long hikes, their faces burned with sun, lips cut and bleeding from the sand, their eyes red

rimmed and swollen, a sorry, tired lot just beginning to learn a little of what war was like.

The bayonet practice field was not far from our house. It made me a little sick to see them lunge at that bundle of sticks, and with fixed bayonet plunge through it.

Word travels fast in the easy, friendly atmosphere of an army camp and it was soon common knowledge that I was a registered nurse. Many and varied were the emergencies I witnessed.

A young private knocked frantically at my door one afternoon to tell me his wife was very sick and begged me to go to her. I found her (a frightened young girl) on an army cot in a tent a few doors from my house. She was in premature labor and I dispatched her husband to Deming for the civilian doctor, telling him to rush. Before they returned, however, a tiny premature infant had been born, gasped once, and died.

Sometime in February, 1918, we experienced the severest sandstorm ever witnessed by even the old timers. The sand blew in such fury that visibility was reduced to zero. Instead of abating by noon as it usually did, the storm grew steadily worse until by 2 p. m. it was as dark as night. The wind drove sharp sand through every tiny crevice. Men straggling in from a hike were lost, and wandered about in that howling wilderness of sand for some time before finding their way into camp.

During the afternoon the husband of my civilian friend knocked at my door. I let him in. He was nearly distracted. His wife was about to be confined and the little shack they lived in threatened to collapse in the high wind at any moment.

I told him to try and get her the short distance to our room and he managed to do so. We were fairly safe from the wind as we were in the frame building. I got her into my bed and he started to Deming for the doctor. I doubted if he could make it, but he was an old timer and knew the ways of sandstorms.

He returned with the doctor by and by. It was out of the question for me to go to their shack in that howling gale, so we all spent the night in my little room. I thought the doctor would be glad to have a nurse to help him, but on the contrary he seemed to resent my being there. I think he was ashamed of his medieval obstetrical methods.

However, along toward morning the baby arrived—a fine boy, none the worse for his eventful journey.

The storm had stopped by morning and I gathered up what few clothes I needed and went down to my friend's little shack. It was still standing and I lived there quite happily for ten days while she stayed in bed at my home. Can you imagine such a situation, exchanging homes with a woman little more than a stranger? Of course you can't. No more can I, now. But it seemed quite normal, then.

War does strange things to people and there is a close communal feeling in an army camp such as no place else on earth. The men, as well their wives, were kind. The mess sergeant sent me half of a young turkey, split neatly in two with his cleaver, in order that my husband and I might eat our Christmas dinner together.

During all these months the men were expecting daily to be ordered to go overseas. They were over-drilled and extremely restless but still no order came.

The blowing sand was hard on northern men and many contracted pneumonia. My husband grew very ill one evening while he was at home. I notified his C. O., who sent an ambulance for him the following morning. I was ready to accompany him and while the ambulance driver knew he should not allow me to go with him, I insisted and he was too much of a gentleman to actually put me out of the ambulance, so I went along. Arriving at the base hospital, I called upon the captain in charge, who gave me a nurse's pass which enabled me to go and come regardless of visiting hours, also to ride back and forth with the ambulance. The hospital was situated about five miles from our house so I greatly appreciated the captain's kindness.

My husband recovered in a few days and camp life resumed its regular routine.

On the morning of April 9th our little daughter was born. I was fortunate in having a friend who was a nurse from my own training school, living in camp. She came and cared for me. Little Gloria first saw the light of day through the murky half-light of a typical Camp Cody sandstorm. She grew and thrived, however, for a baby is an old-fashioned institution and does well in primitive surroundings.

When Gloria was four weeks old we had her baptized by Major J. C. Clemens, chaplain of the 136th Infantry, 34th Division. It was a glorious Sunday morning in May, warm, sunny, and strange to say, no sand blowing. Little Gloria dressed in her best, Mrs. Clemens, and myself were the only ladies present.

The baptismal service was held at the regular Sunday morning Y. M. C. A. open air service, in the presence of over 1,000 men and officers. The 136th Infantry Regimental Band played "Little Brown Church in the Vale" while the men sang. Then Major Clemens took the baby in his hands, her little dress a blotch of white in the sea of brown uniforms, held her up and said, "Doesn't she look homey, fellows?" Instantly every man was on his feet, cheering. I doubt if my daughter will ever receive such profound homage from so many men again.

We, Gloria and I, often went into camp and ate lunch with my husband. I placed her on the end of the long board table and the men crowded around eager for just a glimpse of her or to touch one of her little hands. I believe I looked at the pictures of the wives or sweethearts of half the men in the company. They were lonesome boys a long way from home, and there is something very heart warming about a baby.

Back in Iowa, I learned later, Mrs. Amelia Coan of Sioux City had organized the first American Legion Auxiliary cradle roll, and had enrolled Gloria's name as the first.

One evening the strangest line of march ever witnessed in an army camp halted at our door. A corporal and four men from my husband's company came plodding through the sand—wheeling a baby car-

riage! The men in his company had taken up a collection and bought the "Topper's Baby" a carriage. Not only bought it but delivered it, with sheepish grins and many blushes.

Sometime in June we moved to a little shack closer in where I could have a few blocks of sidewalk on which to wheel the baby carriage. Pushing one through ankle-deep sand was no easy task.

I saw, for the first time, the Mexicans making adobe or "doby" bricks. They simply poured a little water into a depression in the ground, stamped about in it, barefoot, until a muddy mass was formed, then shaped the mixture into bricks with their hands and placed them in the sun to dry. Houses were built of these bricks and they are really the most satisfactory type of dwelling, as the thick walls keep out the extreme summer heat.

The heat there in summer is very intense. Many of the men collapsed while on the drill field. I laid a thermometer on the table one afternoon in June and it registered 120.

The Mexicans did not mind it. I had a Mexican woman to do my washing. She built a little fire in a small depression in the ground, placed a few bricks around it and set a pail of water over it to heat. With a black shawl pinned over her head she would stand in the boiling sun rubbing out clothes hour after hour, in heat which would have killed a northern woman.

I became acquainted with a Mexican woman who was very friendly. One day when I was a little indisposed she brought me a small bowl of chili and sat down to visit while I ate it. I took one spoonful and, gasping, ran for a drink of water, the tears streaming down my cheeks. Fire itself could not have been any hotter.

I lived close to the depot in our little shack in Deming. The number of military funerals gave one a depressed feeling. There was one which I shall never forget. An account of it was printed in this magazine some time ago, so I shall be very brief in mentioning it here.

It was of the two French officers who, together with one of our men, were drowned while driving across an ordinarily dry river bed. They were caught in a torrent of water from a cloudburst, their car overturned and they were drowned at a spot where, for fully 360 days a year, (Continued on page 52)

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Codyscopes of 1918

(Continued from page 51)

there was nothing but the blowing sand.

It seems an irony of fate that these two young men should live for four years under fire in active service, come half way around the globe to a small western town, and be drowned in a usually dry mountain stream. "God moves in a mysterious way . . ."

Their funeral was spectacular—the marching bands, their instruments flashing in the brilliant New Mexican sun, softly playing "Lead, Kindly Light" as they came up the street followed by caissons bearing the flag-draped coffins of the two officers. Behind them came two riderless horses, their stirrups crossed over their empty saddles. Taps—answered softly by a bugler in the distance.

Three volleys—the men standing at attention. Then the coffins were slipped into their packing cases, loaded onto a baggage car, and started on their long 5,000-mile journey home to France.

Late in August my husband, certain that the troops were soon to be moved, started me home to Iowa. I packed my clothes in my bag and shut the door of the little shack. We never looked as we went down the street to the depot, at the place I was leaving behind. I could not have seen, anyway, for the blinding tears.

Of that long trip back to Iowa I shall only say, should you ever desire to know just how kind, how thoughtful people can be, travel alone with a small baby during war time.

My husband's company was ordered out and entrained shortly after I left. They were held at Camp Dix for six weeks while the flu epidemic swept the country, but that is another story.

My husband left for France from Hoboken in October, 1918, and returned alive and well in February, 1919.

It is only a memory now; my little daughter will soon be twenty and two sisters have come to join the family circle. My husband, like many another Legionnaire, is portly and slightly bald, while I am gray and forty.

Housework, clubs, P. T. A., church, American Legion Auxiliary fill my days. Camp Cody seems a long way off, but its thrilling memories will always remain.

Pupil's Choice

(Continued from page 13)

like her?" the proprietor demanded the other day. "I wish none of 'em could talk!"

About 1500 students a year get jobs through the school. What about the other 8500? Why, they already had jobs, most of them: Now they have better jobs. A young scholar working for his Ph.D. once followed up 178 employed men and women to discover what they got out of the school. He noted their wages at the time they entered class, their wages soon after leaving. Ten showed no change. Almost half of the rest had more than doubled their wages because they had learned new skills. The others got raises of 10 to 100 percent.

This is all free, you understand; Opportunity School is part of the Denver public school system. And there used to be some criticism of training people at public expense to change jobs. There was a blistering answer. To encourage people to climb is American; to force an individual to remain in the class to which he was born is European. "Rail splitter to President" is our proudest tradition. "Shop girl to buyer" and "waitress to milliner" make the same kind of sense.

Phrasing it more pompously: "To those who object that encouraging people to strive to change their status upsets social stability, may we suggest that the principal bulwark of social and political stability in America has been the hope and belief of the masses that opportunity still is open here."

So the Opportunity School which Emily Griffiths started twenty-two years ago does its work unchallenged now. It is a Denver institution, and Denver is immensely proud of it.

Its value, Denverites say, was simply

incalculable during the depression. The school made a triple attack on the problems of the unemployed. By upgrading those who were employed, it made room at the bottom for the untrained. Offering the hope of learning some new occupation, it sustained the morale of the temporarily unemployed. It rehabilitated occupationally and morally many of those who had long been out of jobs.

So many and so various are the school's functions that it is hard to say which is the most valuable, but I incline to the belief that the most important thing it does is to train employed people for the next step ahead—or sometimes, merely to keep their jobs. There is the class of railroad men, for example, who are studying the operation of a new air-brake that is just being introduced. There are the garage men who are learning new techniques of welding. There are scores of shop girls studying for advancement; often at the suggestion of their employers. There are the two rooms full of employed secretaries who come to get drilled in speed dictation.

Nearly everybody in the class in public speaking has a job. The only trouble now is that it is too popular and overcrowded. A lot of people have learned that it is the most stimulating and exciting open forum in Denver!

Here it is not unusual for the clerk to meet his boss, who owns the store. The clerk wants to conquer his timidity, acquire poise and confidence that will make him a better salesman. The boss is there because he wants to learn how to make a good pep talk to his own staff. Besides that, he has a few pet ideas he would like to put across in the Merchants' Association, if he could only learn to make his

points when he's on his feet and facing a crowd.

Surprising things come out of that class. There was the newly-widowed mother of three children who faced the problem of earning a living. She thought that maybe, if she could conquer her shyness, and learn to address strangers, she could get a job in a store. When it was her turn to speak, she talked about the only thing she understood—how to cook a good dinner. It sounds fantastic, but it is true that a sales manager heard her that night. "Just the type!" he ejaculated under his breath. And now the widow lectures and demonstrates before large crowds for his company. You see, it makes gas stoves.

But if helping the employed is the school's main job, surely second in importance is the help it gives to the thousands who, for one reason or another, did not fit into the standard school regimen. Boys like Gus. Middle-aged folk from the mountains, where educational opportunities were few in their youth, and truancy was ignored. Maladjusted youngsters who are stubborn and unruly at desks, but given something to do with their hands, develop swiftly and eagerly. Others who, through a psychological quirk which is not uncommon, just cannot endure the ordinary school's regimentation, but thrive in the "no rules" atmosphere of Opportunity School—with no attendance records, no examinations, no grades, no required subjects, no specified length of courses. They study the one thing they want to learn, and if they are led on, like Gus, to study books as well, it is done so subtly that they never know it was premeditated.

But doesn't this wide-open system at-

tract a lot of people who aren't serious, who are just riding a hobby?

"We never ask motives," says Paul Ellert. "And I don't know that it is at all a reprehensible thing to give a retired bookkeeper, let us say, a new interest by letting him learn to putter with wood-working tools. But as a matter of fact, the question is academic; there are very few who are here for recreation. Nearly all are dead in earnest."

He ought to know. He talks with every student, soon or late . . . 10,000 a year. Most of them come to him and eagerly tell their stories. The rest, he seeks out. He has no office, just a desk in the open hall near the front door of a building that dates back to 1882. There's no room for an office, in the first place. Every inch of space is in use, day and night. Numerous classes meet in the halls, behind cheap, folding screens. In the second place, Ellert likes to be accessible. It's the spirit of the place—the same spirit which leads Denver business men to teach classes for \$4.25 a night.

Emily Griffiths was an eighth-grade teacher in Denver. She was, besides, a kind of social missionary. When children were absent from her classes, she looked them up in their homes. Nine times out of ten, she stoutly asserts, the trouble at home was unemployment, and usually that was traceable to one of three things, the advancement of the machine, lack of training, or broken English. She had a vision of a school that would train people to new skills, would open its doors to those whom the regular schools had rejected . . . And finally, she was allowed

to start it in the old schoolhouse in downtown Denver. It was a tremendous success, but they said that Emily Griffiths was the whole school, that when she retired, the place would die. That was not fair to her, or to the staff she had assembled. She had established a tradition, created a spirit, that carries on though she has been away many years. And the school is bigger than ever.

With such a beginning, you would guess that the school would teach more than skill with hands, or facts from books. It does. It is a character school. Subtly, it builds self-respect and self-confidence. It teaches attitudes as well as knowledge—regard for the rights of the boss, and of fellow workers; courtesy; the necessity of cooperation; the desirability of a neat appearance.

Employers know that. A card from the Opportunity School is as good a recommendation as a job-seeker can get—and yet, all it says is, "Gus Placek has been attending our classes in the machine shop for . . . months." That's all it says—but you can't have one until the instructor thinks you are ready to get and hold a job.

The school has a creed . . . "Unlimited faith in the capacity of every normal human being, if given a fighting chance, to become a self-sustaining, self-respecting, happy member of society."

That's a little complicated, a little elaborate, for some of the students in Opportunity School. But they all understand the cards that are stuck all over the place. The cards say:

YOU CAN DO IT.

Preferred Preference

(Continued from page 20)

Mr. Welland Strong, who stood No. 3 on the list.

Yours very truly,

JOHN DE STOOGEE

ACTING SECOND ASSISTANT DEPUTY CHIEF.

INSPECTOR OF BARNACLE SCRAPING

Dear Acting Second Assistant Deputy Chief Inspector of Barnacle Scraping:

To say I was disappointed to find out from your letter that somebody else got the job of Asst. Barnacle Scraper is putting it conservative, which I realize is a terrible way to put anything these days.

Excuse me, I forgot to say I am referring to the letter you sent me named DCBN-2 652 743 CIBS: 422.35-c., which I don't know what it means but guess it may be a secret code which can't be read by no foreign barnacles which might be spies or something.

I thought at first maybe I didn't get the job because I didn't have the education to know enough to write to you first instead of last, but I wrote everywhere

I was told which was a awful lot of places and looks now like I was getting a run-around. And I must have more education than this other guy has because I passed the examination two ahead of him and besides it don't take much education to understand about the common sea-going variety of barnacle which ain't no college graduate itself. And now I got a additional qualification to add to what I had when I took the examination, which is a correspondence course in Government correspondence. But by getting it it looks like I lost out being Asst. Barnacle Scraper. Of course knowing about Government correspondence won't get me nowhere with a barnacle but it should with the Government, because I have learned how to write to somebody telling them to write to somebody else about something, which is Government correspondence.

I am still a unemployed disabled veteran with a wife and family to support like I was before I took the examination and like I have told I don't know for how long in I (Continued on page 54)

He Got \$1000 for ONE OLD COIN

B. Max Mehl paid Mr. Brownlee of Georgia \$1000.00 for this coin that he found while digging—**DO YOU WANT BIG MONEY for OLD COINS-BILLS-STAMPS?**

POST YOURSELF! . . . IT PAYS!

I paid \$400.00 to Mrs. Dowdy of Texas, for one Half Dollar; J. D. Martin of Virginia \$200.00 for a single Copper Cent; Mr. Manning of New York, \$2,500.00 for one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received \$740 for a few old coins. I will pay highest cash prices for all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps.

I WILL PAY \$100.00 FOR A DIME!

1894 "S" Mint; \$50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Send for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

B. MAX MEHL, 300 Mehl Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas
(Largest Rare Coin Company in U. S. A.) Established 36 years

Have You Some Spare Room

a basement or garage where you can do light work? We can offer you a profitable proposition, casting 5 & 10c Novelties, ashtrays, toy autos, etc. as manufacturer for firm of many years standing. No experience necessary as we furnish full instructions with moulds. If interested in devoting spare or full time to profitable work write AT ONCE stating age and space available as we are now closing arrangements for 1939 supply of our goods.

**METAL CAST PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 9,
1696 Boston Road New York, N. Y.**

BOYS & GIRLS MEN & WOMEN You'll get \$100.00

Just complete the winning sentence in our 1939 Cash Prize "Get Ace" contest. Also 131 other cash prizes which are given in addition to such presents as

JUNIOR GUITAR FREE of extra charge for selling only 24 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. WRITE TODAY. SEND NO MONEY. I'll tell you the sentence to complete when I mail the seeds. **WE TRUST YOU. Hurry!** Send for seeds today so I can show you how to be a winner.

LANCASTER County SEED Co., Sta. 168 Paradise, Pa.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else. © 1939, C. P. INC.

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Why continue to suffer with rupture? Stop your worries and fears. Send for the facts about my perfected truss invention—the Brooks Appliance for reducible rupture—with the automatic AIR-CUSHION support that gives Nature a chance to close the opening. Thousands bought by doctors for themselves and patients.

Sent on Trial—Made-to-measure, individual fitting for man, woman or child. Low-priced, sanitary, durable. No obnoxious springs or hard pads; no metal girdle to rust. Safe and comfortable. Helps Nature get results. Not sold through stores—beware of imitations. Write today for full information sent free in plain sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO. 405-B State St., Marshall, Mich.

Preferred Preference

(Continued from page 53)

don't know how many letters to I don't know how many departments, bureaus, boards, offices and what nots of a Government which already knew same by its own records, if it would take the trouble to look at them, in the Navy Department and the Veterans Administration. But I guess that don't mean nothing. The Government is one of them things what don't let its right foot know who its left foot is kicking around.

Now, this bozo who got the job ain't a veteran because the Civil Service said so, so he can't be a disabled veteran. You don't say nothing about his having a wife and family to support. And now he ain't even unemployed because he has got the job which I didn't, which I guess maybe I should of passed! No. 3 instead of No. 1 because 3 seems to be a luckier number. He don't know as much about barnacle scraping as I do or he would of passed No. 1 and so maybe not gotten the job himself. And he didn't get mashed up in the interests of the same Government which is paying you your wages and is going to pay his but which ain't going to pay mine. Ain't there no such thing as this here veterans preference I hear so much about, and what the hell has this other bird got that I ain't got—except the job?

Yours truly,

JUSTIN X. GOBB

In replying

refer to *DCBN-2 652 743 CIBS: 422.35-c.*
Dear Mr. Gobb:

Replying to your letter, the Chief Inspector of Barnacle Scraping instructs me to inform you that the civil service regulations provide that in passing over the name of a veteran and appointing a non-veteran all he has to do is to file his reasons in writing. This he has done, and the regulations also provide that these reasons cannot be made public to you or anyone else without the consent of the Chief Inspector, which consent, of course, he will not give under the circumstances.

For your information, however, the Chief Inspector is kind enough to instruct me to tell you that you would not be physically able to perform the duties of Assistant Barnacle Scraper even if you had been appointed to the position.

Yours very truly,

JOHN DEStOOGEE

ACTING SECOND ASSISTANT DEPUTY
CHIEF

INSPECTOR OF BARNACLE SCRAPING

Dear Acting Second Assistant Deputy Chief Inspector of Barnacle Scraping:

Referring to your letter which, to save time and trouble writing, is the same number as the last one I answered, if

them rules you talked about *are* the rules then I been playing a game with the cards stacked against me all the time without knowing it.

And you say this Chief Inspector says I ain't physically able to perform the duties of Asst. Barnacle Scraper. How the hell does he know I ain't?

Yours truly,

JUSTIN X. GOBB

In replying

refer to *DCBN-2 652 743 CIBS: 422.35-c.*
Dear Mr. Gobb:

In answer to your last letter, in which you failed to refer to our number as requested to do, the Chief Inspector of Barnacle Scraping has instructed me to inform you that he has examined the record of your disability in the office of the Veterans Administration and your physical inability to perform the arduous duties of Assistant Barnacle Scraper is because of the nature of that disability.

Your very truly,

JOHN DEStOOGEE

ACTING SECOND ASSISTANT DEPUTY
CHIEF

INSPECTOR OF BARNACLE SCRAPING

Dear Acting Second Assistant Deputy Chief Inspector of Barnacle Scraping:

Well, I'm a son of a gun if that last letter of yours don't mow me down.

In the first place I resent the statement that I did not refer to your lousy number, which you will see I did if you will read my letter again or get somebody to read it to you that can read and maybe you'll change your mind, if any. And just so there won't be no more of *that* funny business, I'm referring to your same blasted old number right now. Can you hear me? All right. That's that.

Now, in the second place I want to know how that Chief Inspector which is always instructing you which I don't doubt you need plenty of it, can say my disability won't let me do the job without even giving me a chance to show him. The Civil Service medico give me a physical before they even let me take the written examination to see if my disability *would* stop me and he says positively *no*. This Chief Inspector ain't no doctor. He ain't examined me. He ain't even seen me. He's afraid to even write to me, so he gets you to do it. And he's acting for the Government, and so the Government turns me down for a job which the Civil Service and its own doctor, which is part of same Government, says I am A No. 1 O.K. for, on account of a disability which I got serving that same Government. It's like this: The Government says to me, "Gobb, old timer, you can't have

this job because you got hurt serving us which hurt won't prevent your doing the job and which if you hadn't of got a itch twenty years ago to serve your country and all we wouldn't of had it as a excuse for not giving the job to you, so we will take it out on you for being a veteran and give the job to somebody that ain't, which you can't do nothin' about under the rules, which is called veterans preference." Well, I'm a high-way battleship if that ain't the cockeyedest argument I ever heard from anybody, even a petty officer in the Navy.

But I want to tell you something and you can hand it on to that Chief Inspector Instructor, too, and that is I ain't going to let this thing stop here. I'm going to take it up with my Congressman because, even if he and I ain't on the same side of the political fence and I had some awful experience previous writing to a Congressman, I bet at least he's man enough and decent enough to see that a veteran gets the preference which the law says he's entitled to.

Yours truly,

JUSTIN X. GOBB

In replying

refer to *DCBN-2 652 743 CIBS: 422.35-c.*
Dear Mr. Gobb:

In reply to your last letter the Chief Inspector of Barnacle Scraping instructs me to inform you that it will be unnecessary for you to take this matter up with your Congressman.

Your Congressman, I beg to inform you, recommended the appointment of the man who now has the position.

Yours very truly,

JOHN DEStOOGEE

ACTING SECOND ASSISTANT DEPUTY
CHIEF

INSPECTOR OF BARNACLE SCRAPING

Dear Acting Second Assistant Deputy Chief Inspector of Barnacle Scraping:

O.K. You win. I give up.

I am just only out my time taking the examination and expenses thereof, and a lot of money for postage, and all I got is some more experience which I can't eat, like I got during the war.

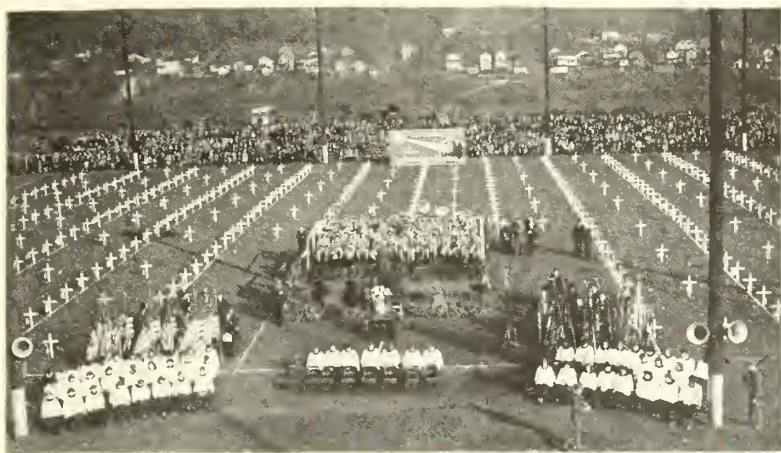
Well, since I ain't going to scrape barnacles for the Government it's a cinch I got to continue to do some tall general scraping for the wife and kids.

But I learned one thing positive: Veterans' preference ain't worth two buckets of bilge water alongside political preference.

Yours truly,

JUSTIN X. GOBB.

P.S.: In not replying to this letter refer to *?!)*-34†*** &***\$! !!!—which is what I'm thinking.



Fifteen thousand persons attended a memorial service sponsored by Col. Joseph H. Thompson Post at Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. Fourteen Posts joined in the service held before a field containing 466 crosses, representing the Beaver County service men who have gone west

Any War, Any Time

(Continued from page 31)

the cunning wild ranger. Members of the roundup party, consisting of Legionnaires and many other interested citizens, were scattered across the plains by truck loads, while others, experienced cowboys, had their day of sport in the saddle."

The Belt Line

REVERTING to that fine old custom of running the gauntlet, practiced by the First Americans in the days when America was young, Joe Carson Post of Tulsa, Oklahoma, has found it a fine inducement to increased membership effort. Twenty-five members of the Post set a quota of five new members each for themselves, pledging, in event of their failure to deliver, to go through the belt line as a sort of modified gauntlet and take whatever thumps and blows their fellow-members were disposed to bestow. The stunt worked, both in delivery of members and a belt line.

Post Commander Bert Galloway, who is shown with a belt in hand at the extreme right of the picture printed on another page, had a lot of fun putting the belt on the delinquents, but he only escaped similar punishment by signing up Police Commissioner Eddie Shields at the last minute.

Christmas Cheer

AT OIL CITY, Pennsylvania, James A. M. Henderson Post has developed a Christmas cheer idea that is not only a worthy one but is worth passing on to other Posts. So successfully has the plan worked out that it has been adopted as an annual Christmas activity, which is a guarantee of a fine Christmas dinner to many a down and outer and a good basket

for many a poor but worthy family. Here is what Adjutant W. N. Curran says about it:

"On the Saturday just before Christmas in 1937, and again on December 17, 1938, our Post took over the Salvation Army kettles and the sale of the Christmas edition of the *War Cry* for that day only, as a bit of community service in helping the needy poor, and in recognition of the valiant service of the Salvation Army overseas in 1917 and 1918. The response in cash from the public amounted each year to a sum running around the \$500 mark, not an inconsiderable amount for Christmas charity purposes. Legionnaires of our Post enjoyed the work and were proud to serve."

A thorough organization has been worked out by James M. Henderson Post calling for the services of fifty members. A certain number were assigned to man the holiday kettles placed on the street corners, and another group was sent out to canvass for sales of the *War Cry*, the official publication of the Salvation Army. Last year the activity was given wide publicity in its home area and the Post was officially commended by the Salvation Army.

Another Christmas idea is one adopted by Clifton Post of Lakewood, Ohio, worked out with such satisfying results that it will be continued. Clifton Post, as readers of Keeping Step will remember, have a ten acre park which they call "Ten Acres of Legiondom," and with the idea of further beautifying their property, arrangements were made to collect root-bearing Christmas trees for planting on their property. Says Jack Wells, Post Publicity Officer:

"Just before the holiday season our Post issued tags (Continued on page 56)

Stoves AT FACTORY PRICES!

SALE CATALOG—FREE

Nearly 200 Styles and Sizes of Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces at FACTORY PRICES. Easy Terms. Write today for FREE CATALOG. New styles, new features, new colors. 30 days FREE trial—24-hour shipments. The Kalamazoo Stove & Furnace Company, 2006 Rochester Avenue, Kalamazoo, Michigan

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

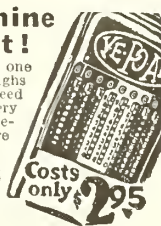
Coal-Wood Ranges, Combination Gas, Coal, Wood Ranges, Gas Stoves, Coal-Wood Heaters, Oil Heaters, Furnaces.

Trade Mark Registered

New Adding Machine Fits Vest Pocket!

Adds, subtracts, and multiplies, up to one billion—yet it costs only \$2.95. Weighs only 4 ounces. Not a toy—guaranteed workmanship. Perfectly accurate, very fast. Sells to business men, storekeepers, homes—wherever figures are used. Grab this opportunity. Write at once for FREE Sample Offer and Money Making Plan. 100% Profit!

VE-PO-AD, Dept. 155
303 W. MONROE ST., CHICAGO



BOYS & GIRLS MEN & WOMEN You'll get \$100.00

Just complete the winning sentence in our 1939 Cash Prize "Get Acquainted" Contest. Also 131 other cash prizes which are given in addition to such presents as VIOLIN FREE for selling only 24 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a packet. WRITE TODAY. I'll tell you the sentence to complete when I mail the seeds. Hurry! Send for seeds today so I can tell you how to win. Use Post card or letter.

LANCASTER County SEED Co. Sta. 331 Paradise, Pa.



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Nervous, Weak, Ankles Swollen?

Much nervousness is caused by an excess of acids and poisons due to functional Kidney and Bladder disorders which may also cause Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Swollen Joints, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Excess Acidity, Leg Pains and Dizziness. Help your kidneys purify your blood with Cystex. Usually the very first dose starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids and this soon may make you feel like new. Under the money-back guarantee Cystex must satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get Cystex (sisstex) today. It costs only 3c a dose at drug-gists and the guarantee protects you.

Any War, Any Time

(Continued from page 55)

to be attached to the base of root-bearing Christmas trees, reading as follows: 'After the holidays if you have no place to plant this tree and would like to donate it to The American Legion—they will pick it up and plant it on their Post grounds,' signed by Clifton Post, with names and telephone numbers of members of the committee. One tree merchant, when approached, said 'Give me one hundred and fifty, I'll tag them myself.' There was no lack of cooperation, and in making the campaign the Post had several things in mind: Preserve trees that would otherwise be wasted; beautify our Clifton Post southernly ten acres, and also give the donors the inner satisfaction of having done an added good deed."

Ritualists

"AS AN excellent stimulant to interest both inside and outside the Post, we give you the ritual team," says John T. Nevill, Publicity Chairman of Harold Todd Post of Detroit, Michigan. "Our Post invested in such a stimulant two years ago and has been receiving dividends ever since." The organization was proposed by Commander Norman A. Korff as a means of reanimating and sustaining interest on the part of the general membership. A secondary purpose was to give year-in-and-year-out post jobs to a number of 'spark-plugs' in the organization whose value is best realized under imposition of responsibility. Both purposes have been realized—Harold Todd Post today is a wide-awake, hustling gang of 176 Legion-minded members. There is a definitely felt *esprit de corps* throughout the general membership. During the two years it has been operating, the ritual team, composed of Past Commander Korff, John A. Sunday, Daniel H. Goodrich, James Smith, Al A. Hinden, Stanley I. Darling, Clarence H. Weber, Harry G. Damm and Russell F. Hunt, has officiated at approximately fifty initiations and about the same number of installations among Legion Posts in the Department.

"Practically all of the official service of the team has been within the Detroit district and Wayne County, with appearances last year before Posts in Oakland, Lapeer and Bay Counties. The team is equipped with snappy white uniforms, white shoes, white overseas caps and Sam Browne belts. The cost of uniforming, as well as a goodly portion of the team's traveling expenses, has been defrayed by earnings from an annual barbecue picnic held on the farm of Legionnaire John C. Cowan, a charter member of the Post. The present Commander, Douglas A. Graham, says 'the ritual team was created for a specific purpose and it

is fulfilling its mission with credit to itself, to the Post, to the Department, and to the National Organization.'"

Short Wave Post Meet

CALIFORNIA Legionnaires have a way of doing things on an unusual scale. Now the Step-Keeper has a report of Three-Post meeting held by short wave radio in the San Francisco Bay area. It was not a stunt, but a practical demonstration of emergency communication held in conjunction with the Major



"Hm-m . . . now I suppose you'll say you rushed!"

Disaster Communications Committee. The Posts participating were San Anselmo, Ross, and Mill Valley (where you are expected for the 1975 National Convention.)

Each Post performed a part of the ritual of opening its meeting, which was broadcast for the other Posts to pick up. The broadcasting was done by Commanders Walter Johnson of San Anselmo; Duke Conklin of Ross, and George Griffiths of Mill Valley. During the early part of the tests, San Anselmo had difficulty in picking up the broadcasts from Mill Valley, although Ross received both San Anselmo and Mill Valley. Later in the evening the interference with Mill Valley cleared up and the three Posts were in communication as clearly as if three persons were connected by telephone. The demonstration was conducted by Thorpe DeLasaux, emergency co-ordinator for the San Francisco section of the Amateur Short Wave Radio System, with nine short wave stations. The Marin County Council has urged the installation of a County two-way radio system.

Legion Shorts

ADJUTANT Arthur M. Rosenthal of Captain Belvidere Brooks Post, New York City, challenges Cabin Creek (West Virginia) Post for long distance individual membership honors (November, 1938, number.) . . . Nineteen annual cards have been issued by his Post to H. C. Anderson, whose address for six years past has been Manila, Philippine Islands . . . According to string measure, Manila is farther away from New York than Rosario, Argentina, is from Cabin Creek . . . Commander E. C. Savage, of Alfred Williams Leach Post, Olympia, Washington, got a big thrill when he installed his son, Albert Savage, as Captain of the Post's Squadron, Sons of the Legion . . . Captain Savage immediately set on foot a membership campaign with an objective of fifty new members . . . Perth Amboy (New Jersey) Post organized a blood donor squad in 1937 with ten members. Four transfusions were given the first year, all successful . . . The membership in 1938 grew to fifty-two, all typed, classified and card-indexed. Fifty-six transfusions were given, forty-four of which were successful . . . The record of this squad is remarkable in that since its inception eighty percent of the transfusions, in most cases given as a last resort, have resulted in the saving of human lives . . . Vice Commander Joseph Meehan, who organized and is the director of the group, was the first member to give his blood in a transfusion . . . Turtle Creek (Pennsylvania) Post, out in the Pittsburgh area, believes in keeping the posts of command in one family . . . William Bell served the Post as its Commander in 1937 and was succeeded by James M. Jackson in 1938 . . . Mrs. William Bell served as President of the Auxiliary in 1937 and was succeeded by Mrs. James M. Jackson, who wielded the gavel in 1938 . . . How's that for a two-family combination . . . Lieutenant Lawrence J. Flaherty Post, East Boston, Massachusetts, staged its twentieth annual ball at Revere Beach on the night of December 5th, bigger and better than ever . . . According to Commander John C. Scaramello the annual ball is the outstanding social event of the year sponsored by the Post . . . Parts of its youth activity program consist of the support of a junior band with a membership of fifty boys, ninety percent of whom are sons of members. This band has performed most creditably at the past five Department Conventions and at other Legion events . . . Legionnaire Earl L. Cannon has started a series of World War murals which will be placed upon the walls of the Troy (New York) Post clubhouse.

BOYD B. STUTLER

G. in. G. to the G.-in-G.

(Continued from page 34)

deserted, I arrived at a cluster of long narrow barracks that also seemed empty. With my Springfield at the alert, I entered one of the barracks, peering into each room as I tiptoed down the hall. No signs of men or equipment, so I go out the other end.

"Looking up I see three strange men coming down a corduroy road, and shortly afterward, they spy me. I advance toward them — German infantrymen, with rifles strapped on their backs. What to do? Take them prisoner? Shoot them? Surrender? Then it dawned on me that they were 'at home' and knew their surroundings. Leaning my rifle against a tree, I threw my pack on the ground. The three Germans, two middle-aged men and a young boy, greeted me with smiles and spoke in German, which I didn't understand. One of the men whistled gently, and then all of a sudden some thirty or more German soldiers pop out of a nearby ditch . . . An officer in the group asked me where my outfit was. I could truthfully tell him I did not know. He was friendly and did not attempt any forceful methods to get information.

"After a few questions, he filled out a paper, handed it to the young soldier and told me to go with him . . . Eventually we reached a group of machine-gun emplacements, and again an officer questions me. Then more papers filled out, another guard assigned and after several kilometers, we reach some sort of a headquarters, with plenty of officers wearing plumed helmets. I am placed in an empty room and after two hours, four guards lead me away. They were friendly and shared their rations with me. It was getting dark. I had been with the Germans since 2 P. M. (I noticed the time when trading watches with my first guard!)

"At last we enter a fair-sized village and in the most imposing structure in the town I am ushered into a room containing a dozen officers and non-coms. More questions—more truthful 'I don't know' from me. Escorted outside and I find in formation thirty-four American soldiers and two French infantrymen. And was I glad to see them! Four from my own company that had been picked up that morning. To a large barn for the night and next day we were marched to Longuyon and up over the long hill road to Longwy, but we spent the night in a barn in a nearby village . . . Next morning back to Longwy, given one day's prison rations—about an ounce of lard, a bit of salt pork and a big hunk of sour prison bread (I still have a sample).

"In Longwy we saw French and a few American flags in the windows, which looked good as we were still skeptical of the Armistice news. About ten o'clock—this was the 12th of November—a couple of mounted guards escort us back

towards the lines. Halting for a rest in Longuyon, we talked with the French citizens and some German soldiers billeted there. I gave my card to a German infantryman and about six months after I returned home, he wrote to me, and sent me the enclosed photograph which was taken in front of the Hotel de Ville in Longuyon during the German occupation, as you can see from the German military band and the French children.

"At midnight we were approaching our own lines. Pretty soon our guard contacts an outpost, gets a receipt for us, bids goodbye and departs. We spend a rather miserable night with the outposts of a 70th Division unit, and next day were returned to our own outfits. I learned that I was the last one in that group taken prisoner and officially registered by the German Intelligence Department. I also found that several of the men in our group had been captured on the morning of November 11th, some within a few minutes before the last shot was fired, but, as was the case with Corporal Conklin, were not checked in or checked out by the enemy.

"The photograph of Longuyon will be familiar to many of the boys who marched through there with the Army of Occupation. I would like to know if any of those ex-prisoners of the 32d and 26th Divisions remember those pleasant but hectic three days?"

FROM an ex-gob we here have a yarn which will interest all of us, but will be of particular import to the officers and men of the Army who were passengers, and to the many gobs who were of the crew of the U. S. Transport *Von Steuben*. It is a sort of a I-knew-her-when story that came from J. McDowell Morgan of Verdugo Hills Post, whose home is at 723½ Porter Street, Glendale, California—together with the picture of the transport that is displayed on page 34. All right, sailor, go ahead!

"The enclosed photograph and the story concerning it will no doubt interest many former A. E. F.-ers, as well as a lot of ex-gobs. It is a picture of the German liner *Kronprinz Wilhelm*—later renamed the U. S. S. *Von Steuben*—taken when she put in at Hampton Roads, Virginia, in April, 1916, after operating as a cruiser-raider on the high seas for many months. The man-of-war ensign flying from her staff designated her as a ship of the Imperial German Navy.

"This view of the incoming ship was taken from the bridge of the battleship U. S. S. *Florida*, lying at anchor just off Fort Monroe, Virginia. As signalman 1st cl. attached to the *Florida*, I was on watch when the raider stood in and with our strong seven- (Continued on page 58)

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THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE
P. O. BOX 1357
INDIANAPOLIS INDIANA

C. in C. to the C.-in-C.

(Continued from page 57)

ty-five power glass, first spotted her arrival as she loomed through the mists. We had recently returned with the Fleet from winter maneuvers and gunnery practice at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and were awaiting orders to proceed to the Norfolk Navy Yard for dry docking. I was then rounding out the last few days of my first enlistment in the Navy, and in fact was 'paid off' in Norfolk shortly after this incident; but was back in the Navy again a year later when Uncle Sam entered the big fuss.

"I remember quite well the flurry of interest and curiosity created aboard our ship when the big German vessel came up the bay. It was the first glimpse any of us had had of a ship of the German Navy since the outbreak of the war in 1914. With cables and wireless flashing reports to the world about this famous raider the preceding few months, it didn't take long for news of her arrival to spread over our ship and our crew dashed to every point of vantage to get a good look at her.

"Long before the ship hauled abreast of us, everyone noticed the decided list to starboard that she bore. We all wondered what was wrong—whether she had been in a scrap at sea or possibly in a collision. Still there was no evidence of shell holes or damaged plates on the side. Eventually it developed that the ship was put in to port because of engine trouble and general run-down condition due to being at sea so long without overhaul. Both the ship and her crew were in a bad state—about half of the crew suffering from scurvy and malnutrition. This circumstance being unknown at the time, much speculation developed as to what would happen as Norfolk was a neutral port and according to regulations the ship's stay would be limited to three days.

"As each day of the time limit passed, the German raider became a much discussed topic among us. We had learned that two British men-o-war were standing by outside the Capes waiting for the German to come out. Then, on the afternoon of the third day, we received orders to proceed to sea and stand by off the coast to see that strict neutrality of our coastal waters was observed in case the German ship came out and was engaged in battle. The end of her time limit was that midnight and should the raider fail to depart by that hour, she would be interned for the rest of the war.

"As soon as we cleared the Capes, we discovered that, in fact, two British cruisers were steaming back and forth beyond the three-mile limit, waiting for their prey. All that afternoon and practically the entire night, most of our crew stayed on the top side, expecting to witness a thrilling running fight. But it was

a fruitless wait, as the German never came out.

"The net result was that Uncle Sam interned the ship and its crew. Then, when we entered the war, the German crew was taken into custody and sent to a concentration camp and the *Kronprinz Wilhelm* taken over by the Navy and rechristened, ironically enough, the U. S. S. *Von Steuben*, after the German general who helped the American Colonies during the War of the Revolution.

"I do not have the figures regarding the number of A. E. F. troops that the *Von Steuben* carried over and back [37,580 is the total—Company Clerk], or the size of its Navy complement. We all know, however, she served Uncle Sam as a fast, fine troopship carrying many thousands to France and returning many of the wounded and convalescents home, as well as having been the wartime home of a large Navy crew.

"I believe the photograph a rarity. There may be other copies somewhere, but inasmuch as it is an unofficial photograph I doubt if there are many at this late date."

Veterans who were on the U. S. S. *Henderson* when that transport caught fire shortly after it sailed from New York on June 30, 1918, will remember particularly the *Von Steuben* as the rescue ship to which they were transferred. After the transfer of 800 Marines and 750 Navy passengers, the *Henderson* returned to Philadelphia. Crew and passengers may also recall the close escape from an enemy torpedo when the *Von Steuben* was returning from France on June 18th of that same year.

WE doubt very much if after the passage of twenty years any of the animal—or bird—mascots of wartime outfits still survive, unless somewhere there may be some ageless parrot that served in the capacity for a ship's crew. One such animal, however, met an untimely death as recently as last June, and I'm sure that her old friends will be sorry to learn that Alberta is no more. The picture we show of her came to us from Max Ross of Johnny Hines Post of Wray, Colorado, though Ross lives in nearby Vernon, Colorado. Here is Comrade Ross's story:

"I am enclosing a clipping from the *Denver Post* of June 12, 1938, which I am sure will be of interest to many veterans—particularly those whose outfits had favorite mascots.

"The clipping tells the story of Alberta, the bear mascot, who served with the First Colorado Cavalry and later with the 157th Infantry, 40th Division, at Camp Kearney, California. I was with those outfits until I left for France in

March, 1918. Alberta didn't get across.

"I am also sending a snapshot of Alberta with Corporal Sam Vogen of the 115th Supply Train, 40th Division. As you can see, Alberta was the loving sort and she loved to romp and play with whoever happened to be around. And you had to be good to stay with her. I took this snapshot in the fall of 1917 or the spring of 1918 at Camp Kearney."

We extract the following from the newspaper clipping:

Alberta is dead.

To many people that statement has little significance but to many a World War veteran and to many an army officer through the country it will be real news.

For Alberta was a bear, a great grizzly bear, who earned for herself a place in the hearts of hundreds of army men, from plain private all the way up to commanding officer, while mascot for various regiments before they went overseas.

Alberta died Friday by drowning, apparently following a heart stroke, while swimming at her home at the City park zoo, said Clyde E. Hill, park superintendent, who first made the acquaintance of Alberta when he was a lieutenant in the First Colorado Cavalry in 1917.

Alberta was introduced into army circles as a cub, Hill said, when she was brought by a cowboy volunteer to the camp of the First Colorado at Overland Park. She was immediately made the cavalry mascot. Later, when that group was ordered to Camp Kearney, Alberta was taken along and when the 157th Infantry was formed there, she became the official regimental mascot and in that capacity became known in army circles through the country.

When the regiment tried to take Alberta to France, Washington officials ordered her left behind. After failing in their attempts to smuggle her aboard ship, the soldiers reluctantly shipped her C. O. D. to the Denver zoo, where she had lived since.

"Since the war Alberta's reputation as a mascot has become countrywide," Hill said. "Why, an army official would hardly dare to visit Denver without coming out to say 'hello' to Alberta."

While at the City park zoo Alberta spent most of her time producing litters of fine cubs. She was the mother of Sam Browne, Billy Bugle and Tom Taps, who are the more famed of her offspring. Her immediate survivors include Hinky-Dink and Parley-Vous, her two-year-old cubs, and Old Blackie, her constant friend and companion in recent years.

She was buried in the inclosure where the deer and the antelope play.

THE scene we show of the railroad station at Ocean City, New Jersey, in front of which appears a group of gobs and gyrenes, will not be unfamiliar to those veterans who spent any time at the League Island Naval Hospital, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The picture came from ex-gob Oscar Strand, member of Warren O. Grimm Post of the Legion, whose address is Box 724, Kirkland, Washington, with this story:

"Wonder how many Legionnaires who received hospital treatment in Philadelphia following the war period and particularly those from the League Island Naval Hospital in that city, will remember the railroad station at Ocean City, New Jersey? The picture I am enclosing was taken at that station in August, 1919, when I, with a group of other convalescents from League Island, was returning from a stay at the beach.

"I served in the Navy aboard the U. S. S. *Paul Jones* and was sent to the League Island hospital from that ship about in May, 1919. During the summer of 1919, the Ocean City Hostess League, supported by the Shriners of Philadelphia,



The station at Ocean City, New Jersey, saw many leave parties such as this, from the veterans' hospitals in Philadelphia. Who knows the men in this group, of which Oscar Strand is a member, taken in August, 1919?

took convalescent patients from different hospitals in Philadelphia, mainly the League Island Naval Hospital, and entertained them for a week on the beach at Ocean City, New Jersey. How many remember these vacations from the hospital which were very helpful?

"I am the gob stooping at the left. Two of the Marines are Kemper and Walter E. Schwend, and the two tallest sailors standing are Giles M. Dye and Ray O'Berg. I cannot recall the names of the others, but I certainly would like to hear from all of them. They may be able to help me with my disability claim."

FOR some years now, the Legion National Conventions have proved to be double-feature attractions—convention activities and outfit reunions, where you can meet the old wartime comrades. Special provisions will be made to see the old gang in Chicago, September 25th to 28th, when the Legion meets there. If you want to see your old gang, request that announcement appear in this column.

Details of the following National Convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Three-day reunion, banquet and dance. Comdr.

Sidney R. Rothschild of Chicago Balloon Bed No. 5, gen. chmn., 10565 Hale av., Chicago, Ill.

G. H. Q., ARMIES AND ARMY CORPS STAFF AND PERSONNEL—Vets interested in convention reunion luncheon and permanent organization, write Wm. A. Barr, 1400 N. Gardner st., Los Angeles, Calif.

48TH & 89TH INF., 20TH DIV.—Proposed reunion. Harry McBride, 1229-26th st., Newport News, Va. 23d ENGRS. Assoc.—Write H. H. Siddall, secy., 5440 Ridgewood court, Chicago, Ill., for advance reunion news and copy of official paper.

35TH ENGRS.—Reunion of the "We Built the Cars" veterans. Write to Fred Krabenbuhl, 1310 Hanover st., Hamilton, Ohio.

BTRY. C, 62d C. A. C. (PRESIDIO)—Reunion. Write to Mannie Fisher, 1357 N. Western av., Chicago, Ill.

BTRY. C, 67TH C. A. C.; 7TH CO. (FT. WINFIELD SCOTT); 41TH & 45TH PROV. COS. (PRESIDIO)—Reunion. Gerald D. Nolan, 372 Bridle Path, Worcester, Mass.

BTRIES, C & D, 4TH & 5TH REGTS., F.A.R.D., CAMP TAYLOR—Proposed reunion and organization. Frank O'Sullivan, Galena, Kans.

ARMY ART. PARK, 1ST ARMY—Proposed reunion. W. H. Kornbeck, 5529 Berenice av., Chicago, Ill.

WORLD WAR VETS. OF C. A. C.—Organized in Los Angeles. Reunion in Chicago with Legion Natl! Conv.—R. R. Jacobs, comdr., 43 Frisbie av., Battle Creek, Mich.

415TH F. S. BN. ASSOC.—Reunion Hq. at Great Northern Hotel, Chicago. James J. Maher, 3723 S. Rockwell st., Chicago, Ill.

13TH CO. & 10TH REGT., U.S.M.C., QUANTICO—Reunion. Nate Leibow, 8 N. Cass av., Westmont, Ill.

185TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Floyd Perham, Lake Side, Mich.

224TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion banquet, Sept. 25. W. V. Matthews, 2208 Cuming st., Omaha, Nebr.

380TH & 828TH AERO SQDRNS. (MT. CLEMENS & SELFRIDGE FIELD)—Reunion. Jay N. Helm, 940 Hill st., Elgin, Ill.

NAVAL AVIATORS—Proposed reunion of vets of M.I.T. and Pensacola Trng. Sta. Lauren L. Shaw, comdr., Castle Williams Post, A. L., Decatur, Ill.

AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS, A.E.F.—Reunion. Clyde D. Burton, conv. chmn., 8211 Ellis av., Chicago, Ill.

322d MOTORCYCLE, M.T.C., A.E.F.—Proposed reunion. Walter M. Moore, 318 Decker st., Flint, Mich.

(Continued on page 60)

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

ELSIE FRENCH-WOLCOTT, Edward H. Monahan Post, Sioux City, Iowa.

THOMAS J. MALONE, Theodor Petersen Post, Minneapolis, Minn.

FREDERICK C. PAINTON, William C. Morris Post, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

J. W. SCHLAIKER, Winner (South Dakota) Post.

FRANK A. MATHEWS, JR., Frederick M. Rodgers Post, Palmyra, New Jersey.

GEORGE SHANKS, Reville Post, Brooklyn, New York.

JOHN J. NOLL, Capitol Post, Topeka, Kansas.

JOHN R. TUNIS, Winchendon (Massachusetts) Post.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.



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FINANCIAL STATEMENT

November 30, 1938

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 581,834.85
Notes and accounts receivable.....	167,339.86
Inventories.....	89,811.85
Invested funds.....	1,743,232.05
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund..	199,786.18
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation.....	124,930.96
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation.....	31,312.53
Deferred charges.....	45,061.68
	<hr/>
	\$2,983,309.96

Liabilities, Deferred Revenues & Net Worth

Current liabilities.....	\$ 84,491.13
Funds restricted as to use.....	21,120.94
Deferred revenue.....	555,069.44
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust.....	199,786.18
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital.....	\$1,718,207.09
Unrestricted capital.....	404,635.18
	<hr/>
	\$2,983,309.96

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CHEM. WARFARE VETS. (EDGEWOOD ARSENAL, LAKEHURST and elsewhere)—Reunion. Geo W. Nichols, R. 3, Kingston, N. Y.
EVAC. HOSP. No. 14—Third annual reunion, Chicago. J. Charles Meloy, pres., Rm. 3050, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.
BASE HOSP., CAMP GRANT—Reunion. Harold E. Grouss, 841 W. Barry av., Chicago, Ill.
U. S. S. Dixie & NEWPORT TRNG. STA.—Reunion. R. O. Levell, Box 163, New Castle, Ind.

REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention follow:

2D DIV. ASSOC., A.E.F.—21st annual reunion, San Francisco, Calif., July 20-22. Hq. at Hotel Whitecomb. David McKell, conv. chmn., c/o Post st., San Francisco.

5TH (RED DIAMOND-MEUSE) DIV.—Write for Red Diamond and for Fifth Div. History to Wm. Barton Bruce, pres., 48 Ayrault st., Providence, R. I.

26TH DIV.—YDVA natl. conv., Hartford, Conn., June 22-25. For details, write Wallace H. Glading, exec. secy., P. O. Box 1776, Hartford.

27TH DIV. ASSOC.—To complete roster, report to Gen. John F. O'Ryan, 120 Broadway, New York City.

SOC. OF 28TH DIV.—All vets requested to send names, addresses and units to Walter W. Haugherly, secy.-treas., 1444 S. Vodge st., Philadelphia, Pa., for up-to-date roster.

RED ARROW (32D DIV.) CLUB OF MILWAUKEE—A "Big Moments Night" under auspices 107th Engrs. vets will be held in Milwaukee, Wisc., Feb. 7. All vets, local residents and others, are invited to submit Big Moment letters. Medals and other prizes to be awarded. Last entry date, Jan. 30. Wm. Sullivan, 735 N. 2d st., Milwaukee.

32D DIV. (RED ARROW) ASSOC.—To complete roster and obtain advance information of convention in Green Bay, Wisc., in 1940, report to Byron Beveridge, secy., State Capitol, Madison, Wisc.

77TH DIV. ASSOC.—All courtesies and facilities of the 77th Div. Club House, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, are offered to veterans of all outfits who visit the New York World's Fair. Information about Fair, side trips, hotel accommodations, etc., will be available. Jos. E. Delaney, exec. secy., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

77TH DIV.—Divisional history may be obtained for fifty cents from Chas. J. Cahill, asst. treas., 77th Div. Assoc., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

78TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual spring smoker and reunion, Capitol Hotel, 51st st. & 8th av., New York City, Apr. 22. For details, write Richard T. Stanton, 1070 Anderson av., New York City.

80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—20th annual convention and reunion, Uniontown, Pa., Aug. 3-5. Dr. S. A. Baltz, chmn., Uniontown, Pa. Rk. R. Byrne, secy., Natl. Hq., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

82D DIV. ASSOC.—All vets who report to R. J. McBride, secy., 28 E. 39th st., New York City, will receive copy of last issue of *All American*.

83D DIV. A.E.F. VETS. ASSOC.—All vets of Camp Sherman or A.E.F., register with the adjutant at Hq., 85 S. Main st., Akron, Ohio, by order of Comdr. Chas. E. Sauvain.

SOC. OF 89TH DIV.—All vets in Chicago area interested in organizing local chapter such as those in Denver, Los Angeles, Pueblo, Kansas City and St. Louis, write to Rudolph Lurie, 5306 W. 23d st., Cicero, Ill., or Freeman Knight, Hyde Park Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

92D DIV. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—All vets invited to join. Osie Kelley, pres., 720 E. 50th pl., Chicago, Ill.

64TH INF.—Proposed reunion. Nicholas Belotti, 3940 Carpenter av., Bronx, N. Y.

126TH INF.—Regimental reunion, Jackson, Mich., Aug. 4-6. Chas. Alexander, Otsego Hotel, Jackson.

308TH INF.—Reunion, Governor Clinton Hotel, New York City, Sat., Feb. 4, 7 p.m. John E. Hayden, chmn., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

314TH INF. (N. Y.-N. J. DISTRICT)—Regular meeting at home of Donald H. Tyler, 498 Highland av., Upper Montclair, N. J., Sat. eve., Feb. 4. All invited. If you do not receive your free 314th News, write to Chas. M. Stimpson, secy., 2239 Benson av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

M. G. Co. VETS. ASSOC., 108TH INF.—15th annual reunion, Buffalo, N. Y., Sat., Apr. 1. James A. Edwards, 166 Cleveland av., Buffalo.

Co. K, 109TH INF.—Annual dinner and reunion at "Streets of Paris," Philadelphia, Feb. 11. Vets. of outfit or of Co. K, 1st or 13th Inf., N.G.P., send names and addresses to Marcus S. DeWolf, 135 Westminster av., Atlantic City, N. J.

Co. H, 112TH INF.—For information regarding annual reunion, write to Ernest W. Cuthbert, secy., Ridgway, Pa.

51ST PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion at the State Armory, Northern Blvd., Flushing, N. Y., Sept. 10. Walter Morris, gen. chmn., 139-09 34th Road, Flushing.

BTRY. E, 104TH F. A.—Reunion dance at the Armory, Jamaica, N. Y., in February. For details write to Jos. (Mickey) Breen, c/o 104th F. A. Armory, Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.

BTRY. F, 111TH F. A. (Rockbridge Art.)—Proposed reunion in Lexington or Richmond, Va.

Write Robt. D. Beeton, 1630 Fuller st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

BTRY. E, 332D F. A.—20th annual reunion, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill., Sat., Feb. 25, 6:30 p.m. Elmer W. Eggers, secy., 3736 N. Keeler av., Chicago, Ill.

71ST REGT., C. A. C.—Annual reunion, Boston Yacht Club, 5 Rowes Wharf, Boston, Mass., Apr. 29. Theo. A. Cote, adjt., 380 Tarklin Hill Road, New Bedford, Mass.

61ST C. A. C. BTRY. F.—Annual banquet, Savannah, Ga., Sat., Feb. 25. Write to G. T. Barnes, 529 E. 36th st., Savannah.

3D TRENCH MORTAR BTRY., 3D DIV.—Proposed reunion in Brooklyn, N. Y., in conjunction with divisional convention. Barney Gallitelli, 294-17th st., Brooklyn.

102D MOBILE ORD. REPAIR SHOP.—For information regarding reunion meeting, write Veterans Assoc. Ord. Dept., N. Y. Natl. Guard, 216 Ft. Washington av., New York City.

20 U. S. ENGRS. ASSOC., A.E.F.—To complete roster and get advance information of reunion in St. Louis, Mo., write to Francis J. Ryan, 114-45 199th st., St. Albans, L. I., N. Y.

VETS. OF 13TH ENGRS. (RY.)—Annual reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., June 16-18. Jas. A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

14TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Meets first Sunday each month, 3 p. m., Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass. Send for bimonthly *News* to C. E. Scott, comdr.-editor, 54 College av., Medford, Mass.

Co. D, 15TH ENGRS.—Reunion at Oakmont Post, American Legion, Oakmont, Pa., Sat., Apr. 29. R. L. Knight, chmn., 224 N. Aiken av., Pittsburgh, Pa.

VETS. 31ST RY. ENGRS. A.E.F.—11th annual reunion, Oakland Hotel, Oakland, Calif., Aug. 18-20. F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 104½ 1st st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

52D ENGRS., R. T. C.—2d annual reunion, New Castle, Pa., July 30-31. J. A. Bell, 320 Meyer av., New Castle.

5TH CONSTR. CO. (BRICKLAYERS)—Proposed reunion vets. of Driffield and Sussex, Eng. H. B. Skinner, 35 E. 4th st., Newport, Ky.

304TH F. S. BN. ASSOC.—Annual banquet and meeting at Houston Post House, 47 High st., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat. eve., Feb. 11. J. P. Tyrrell, 6144 McCallum st., Philadelphia.

Co. B, 310TH SFC. TRN.—Proposed reunion. Lloyd E. Smith, 34555 Wick Road, Romulus, Mich.

BAKERY Co. 327—Vets. interested in company history, send name and address to A. H. Hudon, ex-1st sgt., 196 Campfield av., Hartford, Conn.

BAKERY Co. 337 (ST. ALBAN)—Proposed reunion in Boston with New England men as hosts. L. E. Bancroft, Box 79, Sudbury, Mass.

BAKERY Co. 352 (CAMP DEVEN)—Vets. interested in wartime roster of company, write to Raymond Holden, Bondsville, Mass.

313TH M. P. Cos. A & B—Vets. invited to join permanent organization. For complete roster, write to Geo. P. Gillian, adjt., Omaha Post, City Hall, Omaha, Neb.

40TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion and organization. Earle Gardner, 43 South Blvd., Oak Park, Ill.

159TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed organization and reunion. Sidney Friendlander, 188 S. Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.

220TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed natl. organization and 1939 reunion. J. O. Lewis, 123 W. 71st st., Cincinnati, Ohio.

U. S. GEN. HOSP. 11, CAPE MAY, N. J.—Proposed organization and reunion. Report to E. R. Cetton, 2208 N. 52d st., Milwaukee, Wisc.

BASE HOSP. No. 45 VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Richmond, Va., Feb. 25. L. C. Bird, adjt., Richmond, Va.

U. S. S. *Cananiquia*—Proposed reunion in June. Write to John Weller Wood, Manhasset, L. I., N. Y.

U. S. S. *George Washington*—Annual reunion of crew, New York City. For date and details, write to Maurice Rosenwald, 3111 Heath av., New York City.

U. S. S. *North Dakota*, U. S. S. *New Mexico*, and PORTSMOUTH TRNG. CAMP—Proposed reunion and organization. Chas. H. Aulerich, P. O. Box 1, Somersville, Conn.

U. S. S. *Utah*—Proposed reunion. V. F. Kohler, Peekskill, N. Y.

SOC. OF CROSSED QUILLS OF AMERICA—All former field clerks of Army, Q. M., and Marine Corps are invited to join society for social and business matters. W. J. Mueller, secy.-treas., 3532 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

AMERICAN VETERANS SOC. OF ARTISTS—Veterans who are painters, sculptors and etchers have recently organized society and will hold exhibition in spring. All artists are invited to join. Write to Charles Andrew Hafner, chmn., membership comm., 112 W. 54th st., New York City.

3D CORPS SCHOOL—Proposed reunion of members who served as instructors at Fort Plesnoy, later transferred to 2d Corps school at Clamecy, to G. H. Q., and served at Belgian Camp during Inter-allied Rifle competitions, July and Aug., 1919. J. E. Gregory, 76 Beaver St., New York City.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

A Money-Making Opportunity for Men of Character

EXCLUSIVE FRANCHISE FOR AN INVENTION EXPECTED TO REPLACE A MULTI-MILLION-DOLLAR INDUSTRY

Costly Work Formerly "Sent Out" by Business Men Now Done by Themselves at a Fraction of the Expense

This is a call for men everywhere to handle exclusive agency for one of the most unique business inventions of the day.

Forty years ago the horse and buggy business was supreme—today almost extinct. Twenty years ago the phonograph industry ran into many millions—today practically a relic. Only a comparatively few foresighted men saw the fortunes ahead in the automobile and the radio. Yet irresistible waves of public buying swept these men to fortune, and sent the buggy and the phonograph into the discard. So are great successes made by men able to detect the shift in public favor from one industry to another.

Now another change is taking place. An old established industry—an integral and important part of the nation's structure—in which millions of dollars change hands every year—is in thousands of cases being replaced by a truly astonishing, simple invention which does the work better—more reliably—AND AT A COST OFTEN AS LOW AS 2% OF WHAT IS ORDINARILY PAID! It has not required very long for men who have taken over the rights to this valuable invention to do a remarkable business, and show earnings which in these times are almost unheard of for the average man.

**Not a "Gadget"—
Not a "Knick-Knack"—**

**but a valuable, proved device which
has been sold successfully by business
novices as well as seasoned
veterans.**

Make no mistake—this is no novelty—no flimsy creation which the inventor hopes to put on the market. You probably have seen nothing like it yet—perhaps never dreamed of the existence of such a device—yet it has already been used by corporations of outstanding prominence—by dealers of great corporations—by their branches—by doctors, newspapers, publishers—schools—hospitals, etc., etc., and by thousands of small business men. You don't have to convince a man that he should use an electric bulb to light his office instead of a gas lamp. Nor do you have to sell the same business man the idea that some day he may need something like this invention. The need is already there—the money is usually being spent right at that very moment—and the desirability of saving the greatest part of this expense is obvious immediately.

Some of the Savings You Can Show

You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for \$11 which formerly could have cost them over \$200. A building supply corporation pays our man \$70, whereas the bill could have been for \$1,600! An automobile dealer pays our representative \$15, whereas the expense could have been over \$1,000. A department store has expense of \$88.60, possible cost if done outside the business being well over \$2,000. And so on. We could not possibly list all cases here. These are just a few of the many actual cases which we place in your hands to work with. Practically every line of business and every section of the country is represented by these field reports which hammer across dazzling, convincing money-saving opportunities which hardly any business man can fail to understand.

Profits Typical of the Young, Growing Industry

Going into this business is not like selling something offered in every grocery, drug or department store. For instance, when you take a \$7.50 order, \$5.83 can be your share. On \$1,500 worth of business, your share can be \$1,167.00. The very least you get as your part of every dollar's worth of business you do is 67 cents—on ten dollars' worth \$6.70, on a hundred dollars' worth \$67.00—in other words two thirds of every order you get is yours. Not only on the first order—but on repeat orders—and you have the opportunity of earning an even larger percentage.

This Business Has Nothing to Do With House to House Canvassing

Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling. "Selling" is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to "force" a sale, you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation—whatever size the customer says he will accept—at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working. This does away with the need for pressure on the customer—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has really convinced himself 100%. You simply tell what you offer, showing proof of success in that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the invention without a dollar down. It starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation should actually produce enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time. You then call back, collect your money. Nothing is so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer! While others fail to get even a hearing, our men are making sales running into the hundreds. They have received the attention of the largest firms in the country, and sold to the smallest businesses by the thousands.

EARNINGS

One man in California earned over \$1,600 per month for three months—close to \$5,000 in 90 days' time. Another writes from Delaware—"Since I have been operating (just a little less than a month of actual selling) and not the full day at that, because I have been getting organized and had to spend at least half the day in the office; counting what I have sold outright and on trial, I have made just a little in excess of one thousand dollars profit for one month." A man working small city in N. Y. State made \$10,805 in 9 months. Texas man nets over \$300 in less than a week's time. Space does not permit mentioning here more than these few random cases. However, they are sufficient to indicate that the worthwhile future in this business is coupled with immediate earnings for the right kind of man. One man with us has already made over a thousand sales on which his earnings ran from \$5 to \$60 per sale and more. A great deal of this business was repeat business. Yet he had never done anything like this before coming with us. That is the kind of opportunity this business offers. The fact that this business has attracted to it such business men as former bankers, executives of businesses—men who demand only the highest type of opportunity and income—gives a fairly good picture of the kind of business this is. Our door is open, however, to the young man looking for the right field in which to make his start and develop his future.

No Money Need Be Risked

in trying this business out. You can measure the possibilities and not be out a dollar. If you are looking for a business that is not overcrowded—a business that is just coming into its own—on the upgrade, instead of the downgrade—a business that offers the buyer relief from a burdensome, but unavoidable expense—a business that has a prospect practically in every office, store, or factory into which you can set foot—regardless of size—that is a necessity but does not have any price cutting to contend with as other necessities do—that because you control the sales in exclusive territory is your own business—that pays more on some individual sales than many men make in a week and sometimes in a month's time—if such a business looks as if it is worth investigating, get in touch with us at once for the rights in your territory—don't delay—because the chances are that if you do wait, someone else will have written to us in the meantime—and if it turns out that you were the better man—we'd both be sorry. So for convenience, use the coupon below—but send it right away—or wire if you wish. But do it now. Address

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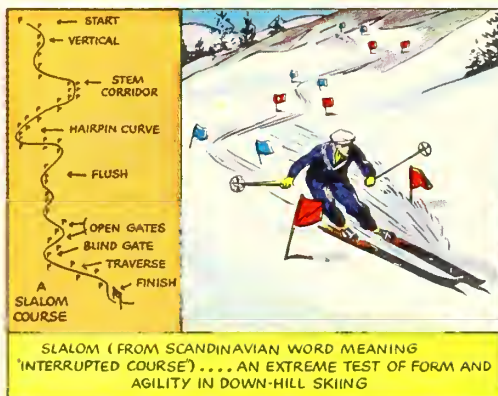
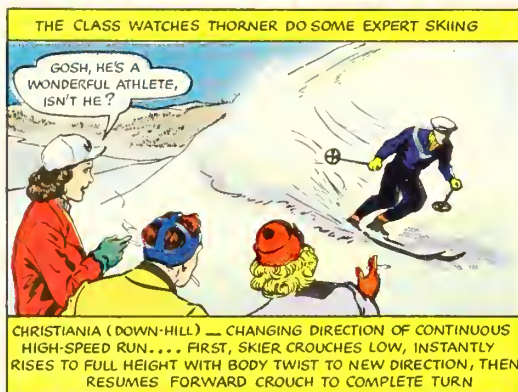
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"SKIING IS WONDERFUL SPORT" WHEN YOUR NERVES ARE PLEASANTLY AT EASE

SAYS HANS THORNER, NATIONALLY
KNOWN SWISS SKIING EXPERT



HANS THORNER,
DIRECTOR
MOUNT
WASHINGTON
(N.H.) SWISS
SKIING SCHOOL



(left) THE BOSTON TERRIER, shown relaxing, is often called the "American Gentleman" of dogdom. Yet at rough-and-tumble play he's a bundle of flashing energy. His nervous system is hair-trigger fast, sensitive — much like our own, but with an important contrast. Right in the midst of strenuous action the dog stops, calms down — *instinctively!* We humans are not so apt to favor our nerves. Too often, we grind on at a task, regardless of strain. Yet how well it pays to give your nerves *regular* rests. Do it the pleasant way — LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL! In mildness — ripe, rich flavor — sheer comfort — Camels will add new pleasure to your smoking.



**COSTLIER
TOBACCOS**

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . TURKISH AND DOMESTIC

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LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL!
SMOKERS FIND CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES